The Enterprise.

VOL. 7. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1902. NO. 15.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....
.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
..3:31 P. M., 3.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
7.51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North.....	7:05	12:20
" South.....	——	4:15

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North.....	8:50	12:30
"		4:30
South.....	6:30	——

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

MRS. FREMONT SAID TO BE IN SORE DISTRESS

Bill for the Relief of the Widow of the General Being Considered by President.

Kansas City.—Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is ill and needy near Los Angeles, notwithstanding the fact that the Government owes her $50,000.

John B. Colton of this city, a warm personal friend of Mrs. Fremont, has been in correspondence with President Roosevelt over the claim, and the President has begun an investigation.

Part of a letter received by Colton from Mrs. Fremont reads: You saw my helpless state last year. I am as helpless now as then and need a skilled nurse. I have no money to attend to his grave. The General would be the last person to allow me to neglect the living for the dead, but if I get repayment for my property, then I intend placing there a simple slab, inscribed 'The Pathfinder. Born January 21, 1813, died June 13, 1890,' and fence in the inclosure, which was deeded to me as a burial lot.

Burned to Death While Alone.

Spanish Fork (Utah)—Mrs. Mary Taylor, an aged lady, was burned to death at her home in this city Sunday night. Passers-by noticed smoke in the house, and, breaking in the door, found the old lady sitting in a chair with her clothing entirely burned from her body. She lived but a few minutes after being found. Just how the accident happened is not known, as Mrs. Taylor was alone in the house at the time.

ATTACKS THE COMMISSION

A Railroad Man Scores the Interstate Commerce Officers.

HOLDS THEM FOR SECRET RATE-CUTTING

They Are Accused of Failing to Perform Their Duty—Their Claim That Additional Power Be Vested in Them Is Without Reason.

Louisville.—That the Interstate Commerce Commission itself is to blame for the rate-cutting which it condemns in its last annual report is the claim made by Walker H. Hines, first vice-president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, in a pamphlet that he has just issued. Hines, who has given special attention to this subject, in substance says as follows:

"The Commission endeavors, as it has done for years, to excite support for its demand for more power by describing the prevalence of secret rate-cutting. It held new investigations at Chicago and Kansas City to disclose conditions which it has known for years, delaying the publication of its report so as to give the results of these hearings.

"The indisputable fact must be kept before the public that the prevalence of rate-cutting is an unanswerable argument against giving the Commission more power, because it is due principally to the Commission's utter failure to perform its manifest duty. The paramount purpose of the law was to secure publicity and the maintenance of tariff rates. It is the express duty of the Commission to keep advised and enforce the law. It has the widest possible powers of investigation, including the right to call for the production of all books, documents and papers, and it can require the district attorneys of the United States to prosecute all violations. These powers have been upheld by the courts. The Commission, however, has not only failed to devote its time and energy to discovering and prosecuting violations of the law, but it has by its supineness acquiesced in and encouraged them, and has done all in its power to break down the force of the act and make it a dead letter by constantly proclaiming that the courts have made its enforcement impossible, whereas not a single decision has impaired the Commission's power to prevent rate-cutting.

"As an illustration of its method it states in its last annual report that the courts have held that to convict for paying a rebate it is necessary to show not merely that the railroad company paid a rebate to a particular shipper, but it must also be shown that it did not pay the same rebate to some other shipper, which, as a practical matter, is almost impossible. This statement is not true. The very decision referred to distinctly holds that the mere fact of paying a rebate from the tariff rate is in itself an offense, regardless of what was paid by anybody else, and the act makes this offense punishable by a fine, which may be as much as $5000 for each instance where the tariff rate has been departed from.

"The Commission seems to have made investigations upon the subject not to enforce the act, but simply to advertise its contention that the act is not enforceable. Moreover, no part of the new power now asked by the Commission would have the remotest tendency to prevent this rate cutting, and this report shows that this is now the evil to be contended with.

"I make no attempt to excuse the railroads for violating the law, but I insist that the Commission's attitude is inexcusable. Offended because the courts overruled its erroneous assumptions of power in other directions, it has been sulking for years—trying to create the false impression that the act is worthless and seeking to use the rate cutting, which it could and ought to have prevented, as a basis for demanding radical powers which would in no way tend to correct it."

Incendiary Fire Destroys Barn.

San Jose.—A barn belonging to Peter Blatz has been destroyed by an incendiary fire and two horses perished in the flames. A large quantity of straw and feed was also consumed. The loss is estimated at $800, partly insured.

ITALIANS AND POLICE MIX UP.

Squad of Officers Given a Lively Fight by a Band of Hilarious Toughs on a Street Car.

San Francisco.—"They call us pie-faced Swedes," said the witnesses for the prosecution, all policemen.

"They say 'Shuta up, you dagoes, and lave us da sleep'; they say we singa da funeral march when we singa da "Traviata," " said the witnesses for the defense, all Italians. It was a story of a mixup between seven policemen and a Mission street car full of Italians at Fourteenth street, and was being told before a jury in Judge Fritz' court.

Policemen Butler, Sylvester, Wall, Cooney, Duane, Kissane and McShane comprised the bunch that objected to being called Swedes by Italians. Cooney was able to be in court with the others, but McShane is still in bed. The officers had just gone off watch at midnight and in their civilian clothes were on their way home. The car was crowded with Italians who had been attending a quiet little vino party. The police said the crowd was noisy and uproarious, disturbing the vicinity and peace of other passengers. They were told to be quiet, but persisted after being told that their advisers were policemen. No one seemed to know just how the battle began. Officer Wall at Fourteenth and Mission streets, grabbed a big Italian and yankep him off the car. His friends followed in a body and by the time the other officers had alighted McShane was out of business and lying on the street over near the curbstone, while Wall was hanging to his man with one hand and fighting off others with the other hand. Cooney had already been badly man-handeled, but was putting up the best fight he could in aid of Wall. The fight was hot and furious, but was soon over when the crowd learned that its opponents were policemen. Louis Gianeschini and Leo Guiltianali were arrested on the charge of disturbing the peace, but after hearing all the evidence the jury pronounced them not guilty.

MATCH COMPANY BUYS NORTHERN TIMBER

Acquires Forty Thousand Acres to Furnish Wood for Its Nnmerous Factories.

Redding.—The transfer of 40,000 acres of pine lands in Tehama, Butte and Plumas counties to the Diamond Match Company has been closed. Fred H. Dakin of Berkeley was the intermediary between the landowners of these northern counties and the match manufacturing concern. Every bit of the timber will be converted into match blocks and shipped East, where it will be fed into making machines and issue in the form of "parlor" matches to be marketed. The Diamond Match Company is now in control of the match trade of the British isles, having managed to effect a combination within the last six or eight months. It is organized under the laws of Illinois, with a capital of $11,000,000.

BURNED THE BABY JUST TO SEE IT.

San Jose Boy Causes the Death of His Fourteen-Months-Old Baby Brother.

San Jose.—The five-year-old son of August Nelson of Evergreen, with an inordinate desire to play with fire, made a bonfire of his little fourteen-months-old baby brother. The burning child was only discovered by the mother when it was a mass of flames and its clothing was nearly consumed. The whole body of the child was horribly burned. He lived in terrible agony only four hours after.

The mother was at work in the kitchen and the children were at play in a front room. Hearing a scream, she rushed in and found the little tot rolling on the floor in flames, while the elder brother was coolly looking on in enjoyment of the scene. The mother first wrapped the child in a blanket and extinguished the fire, then turned her attention to putting out the flames, which were fast getting a hold on the carpet and furniture. By strenuous efforts the home was saved. A doctor was summoned, but could not save the child.

The five-year-old boy has always possessed a wild mania to set fire, but has never before done harm. A bunch of matches was found in his pocket after the fire. He acknowledged setting his brother on fire just to see him burn.

As the hair of the horses increases in length the more necessary the use of the curry comb.

PLOTTED AGAINST THE THRONE

Enemies of the Present Manchu Dynasty in China Display Activity.

SUSPECTS CONFESS UNDER TORTURE.

Men Suspended by the Neck in Cages and Burned With Hot Irons—Plan Was to Wreck the Train Bearing the Emperor and Empress Dowager.

Victoria (B. C.)—Sensational stories of conspiracies against the Chinese throne were brought by the Dodwell line steamer Glenesk, which has arrived here. The intention was to destroy the palaces in which the Empress Dowager and Emperor were residing at Kaifong while en route to Pekin, and to simultaneously foment a rebellion in various parts of the empire to oust the Manchus from power. It was one of these conspirators who hurled a spear at the Empress Dowager while the court was traveling to Kaifong, and the assailant was at once cut down by the guards.

The second attempt was accidentally discovered and nipped by the guards while the conspirators were setting fire to the palace. Following this came a number of attempts at incendiarism in the province of Honan.

Arrests were made and torture applied to the prisoners. They were placed in bamboo cages with their heads protruding, the unfortunates' bodies hanging by their chins. This not having the desired effect of inducing a confession, hot irons were applied to the prisoners' legs, and under this torment one man confessed in spite of the curses of his companions. To the confession all the prisoners were forced to append their signatures. This confession stated that a large number of conspirators had been detailed to destroy the Chenting-Pekin railway and derail the royal train, which was also to be fired upon by others whenever chance presented.

A search of the house of the conspirators disclosed papers with details of the strength of the various Chinese garrisons and also plans for attacking. Rolls were also found of two secret societies, Kolao and Tatoa Hui, interested in the conspiracy.

On the discovery of this plot means were taken to safeguard the journey of the court to Pekin. Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai had patrols stationed along the railway, and troops scoured the country with orders to scatter any bodies of men encountered. The discovery hastened the journey of the court to Pekin.

Kaifong is noted in history as the place where the Taipings met with one of their signal defeats in 1853.

Young Griffo May Lose His Hands and Feet.

Chicago.—Albert Griffiths, the Australian prize-fighter, best known as "Young Griffo," was found nearly frozen to death in a vacant lot within half a block of the Bridewell. Both hands and feet were frozen and physicians are of the opinion that amputation of the hands will be necessary.

Griffo for many years was a fistic marvel, and was considered a great fighter, one of the best that ever donned boxing gloves. Of late years Griffo has been leading a fast life and was penniless. It is thought he wandered toward the Bridewell in search of food and shelter, as he was but recently discharged from that institution, where he had been serving a sentence for disorderly conduct.

Will Compile a Drunkard's Directory.

London.—At a mass meeting held in Exeter Hall, General Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, opened a special temperance campaign as a feature of the work of the army during the present year. General Booth said he relied confidently upon the co-operation of saloon-keepers in this work through their indicating the habitual drunkards, insomuch as the supplying of habitual drunkards with liquor endangered the publican's license, and that he intended to compile a drunkard's directory in each town and follow the habitual drunkards home an reform them there.

Child Killed by Electric Wire.

Reno (Nev.)—The six-year-old son of Charles J. Frisch of this city climbed on the icehouse in the rear of his home and grasped a live electric wire which passed over the roof. He was instantly killed, his hand being burned to the bone.

VIOLENT DEATH OF GERMAN AERONAUT

Strong Gale Prevented Anchoring Balloon and the Occupant Is Horribly Mangled.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Antwerp gives the details of the fatal accident as the result of a balloon ascension. The cable says:

Lieutenant von Siegsfeld, a distinguished military aeronaut, made an ascent at Potsdam, Germany, with the intention of reaching an altitude of 18,000 feet and experimenting in artificial respiration. He expected to land in Hanover, but a strong gale carried him here in five hours. He crossed the river Scheldt here almost touching the masts of shipping.

Lieutenant von Siegsfeld and companion, Dr. Lincke, made desperate efforts to anchor the balloon in the village of Zwyndrecht. Lincke jumped out of the balloon when it was fifteen feet from the ground and was slightly hurt. Lieutenant von Siegsfeld's foot caught in the cordage and he was dragged 200 yards. Some peasants finally stopped the balloon, but Lieutenant von Siegsfeld was then dead. His body was horribly mangled. The balloon covered three miles during the last minute of its flight.

INCENSED OVER STORIES OF GAMBLING.

President Schwab of the Steel Trust Has Not Been Censured, Nor Has He Resigned His Position.

New York.—A cable to the Journal from Paris says: "I have received about sixty cablegrams every day since my one day at Monte Carlo, either asking me about my alleged gambling or censuring me for it.," said Charles M. Schwab, the steel millionaire, today. "I have not offered my resignation as president of the steel trust. I have not resigned, and was not criticised by any officer of the company for gambling, and the simple reason is that I did not gamble.

"When a man has spent twenty years in building up a reputation it is hard to have newspapers smash it in one day. I am fully alive to the power of a great newspaper, but it should be wielded with great discretion. I went to the Casino one day after dinner and put down a few louis like everybody else. When I won I left all the money on the table for the next play. Seeing this some stupid English journalist called it 'plunging.' "

Collision on a Trestle.

Denver.—A Colorado Midland train, westbound for Salt Lake and San Francisco, had a narrow escape from instant destruction Sunday morning two miles west of Buena Vista. The locomotive dashed into a freight train standing on a trestle sixty-five feet high, hurling the caboose and one freight car into the creek bottom and instantly killing Owen McCarthy, rear brakeman on the freight train. Engineer Peck and his fireman were prevented from jumping by the high trestle and remained on their engine, expecting to be dashed to death. The engine left the rails, but miraculously remained on the trestle, almost balanced on its edge.

Miner Drives His Pick on Dynamite.

Vancouver (B. C.)—A. M. Clarke, a miner in the employ of the Vanada Mining Company, on Texada island, met with an accident in which he was horribly mutilated and will not recover. Clarke was engaged in shoveling finings into a screen and was loosening the frozen mass of ore with a pick. A stick of dynamite had by some means been left in the heap and this was struck. Clarke was blown some distance away and was terribly injured. One eye was blown out, the thumb of one hand blown off and the other arm badly hurt at the elbow and had to be amputated.

Will Not Recognize Unions.

Helena (Mont.)—The big western Montana lumber companies, controlling the lumber output of the western section of the State, amounting to millions of feet annually, have formed an organization and adopted a resolution pledging themselves not to recognize any labor union. At a recent meeting the union, whose members number several thousand, fixed the scale of wages for common labor at $2.50 for a day of nine hours. The rate heretofore paid has been $2 a day for ten hours.

Weyler Has a New Scheme.

Madrid.—The Minister of War, General Weyler, read a bill in the Senate Wednesday making military training in Spain obilgatory.

HORRIBLY BURNED SMUDGING ORCHARD.

Thomas Atwood, an Orange Grower of Colton, Fatally Injured by an Explosion.

San Bernardino.—Thomas Atwood, a prominent orange-grower of Colton, was fatally burned by the explosion of a can of oil while engaged in firing a smudge to protect his orchard from the frost.

Atwood and a number of his neighbors had been lighting fires in the orchards. For the purpose they had large iron pots filled with coal, which was saturated with a mixture of tar and kerosene. He had just lighted a pot, which failed to burn well, and was pouring on more oil from a can when suddenly a sheet of flame shot from the pot and ignited the oil in the can, which exploded, saturating him with the burning fluid. He ran, screaming, for some distance before his friends overtook him and, with a heavy coat, smothered the flames. His body from the waist down was literally cooked.

Santa Ana Carnegie Library.

Santa Ana.—Persons here are elated over the news which was made public that Andrew Carnegie has offered to donate $15,000 for the erection of a public library here, with the provision that the City Trustees will guarantee a suitable site and also agree to raise $1500 a year for the maintenance of the library. At a meeting of the Trustees a resolution was passed accepting the offer and instructing the clerk to advertise for a site at once.

Don't leave the old mulching in the strawberry field. By removing and burning you destroy countless insects.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that **SELLS**

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The University of Chicago continues to be a strong favorite of the boss Santa Claus.

When a man guesses he can knock another man down he usually makes a rough estimate.

If a quarrelsome man has two ideas in his head they would probably fall out with each other.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention—but as to the father thereof history is painfully silent.

The biggest hold-ups are the fellows who make a daylight job of it, first having stolen your confidence.

Eve complained that she had nothing to wear and her daughters have been working the same old plaint ever since.

A dispatch says that Helen Gould is annoyed by a crank who keeps sending her great bunches of American Beauty roses. Isn't it awful?

It has been said that King Edward looks perfectly at home in whatever he wears. This is a glad assurance that his crown will be quite becoming.

At a sale of relics of Edwin Booth in New York two letters to the actor from a woman who asked for "but one glance of your eye" brought good prices. Perhaps her husband was there when the bidding started.

Reporting a shortage of over $3,000,000, the great Buffalo exposition cannot be said to "pan out well" financially. But the loss is distributed among so many stockholders, and the benefits of the fair have been so far-reaching, that "failure" is the last word to couple with it.

"So long as there is wood to saw in the world, I need no gymnasium," remarked a cynic, listening to a discussion as to where exercise was necessary for grown men. In the same spirit one might conclude that so long as there are intellectual problems to tackle, one needs no game of skill. Doubtless the realities should have precedence.

A Boston physician, who recently treated a street car conductor for an infectious disease contracted by holding paper money in his mouth while making change, warns people against this habit and the practice of wetting the fingers in the mouth while counting money. He remarks upon the swiftness and certainty with which paper handled by infected persons may transmit disease. "It is a matter of common experience," he says, "that the bank bill passes more rapidly out of one's possession that any other known article." Even those who scoff at sanitary precautions must admit that this is sadly, painfully true.

Hitherto it has been possible for the world-weary person to escape from the sight and sound of busy mankind by boarding a ship for anywhere. He could for six days or six months, according to his destination and his ship, be entirely free from all knowledge of the facts and rumors which trouble the ear ashore. Mr. Marconi has changed all that. Under the wireless system it is impossible to get beyond the reach of the daily interests of mankind. Eventually, perhaps, no ship will leave port without an apparatus for receiving Wall street quotations and bulletins of the events in every part of the world. Nothing will be left for the victim of nervous exhaustion but to enter a cave until some pestilent scientist shall discover an X-ray which will carry sound through opaque substances.

The dean of the women's department of one of our great universities declares that she no longer anticipates difficulties, but the unexpected helps which will remove difficulties. Timid by nature, she used to say that she could never survive the shock of finding a burglar in her room. One night recently she awoke, conscious that some one was fumbling at her desk. The room was quite dark; the clock struck one. She lay there considering what to do, not at all frightened, but very indignant at being robbed. Many minutes passed; the burglar still moved stealthily about. Meanwhile the dean had formulated a plan. Calling her youthful ventriloquistic skill into service, she said in a deep voice, seemingly at the burglar's elbow, "Bodie, light the gas." Her maid in the next room, thus called by her last name, shot out of bed and the burglar shot out of the window. Investigation proved that the man's search had not yet reached the drawer containing the valuables. "He robbed me only of what I could well spare," the dean laughed—"my fears."

Those who are wont to shake their heads over the extravagances of this age give an extra shake when they contemplate the amount of ingenuity that goes to the making of and the amount of money that goes to the purchase of modern toys. There is hardly any article that grown up people use, either in the way of work or play, that is not reproduced in the toy world. The luxuries of the ballroom, the utilities of the kitchen, and wardrobes of the wealthy are all to be had in miniature, and to visit a playroom is to see ourselves as the toymaker sees us. The child of three decades ago was content with a hairless rocking horse and a Noah's ark in which the goats were scarcely to be distinguished from the lambs; but now the modern boy demands that the horse shall have hair and a gait of its own, and that the maker of toy arks shall vie with nature in the creation of animals. As for dolls, when one remembers the creature of rags and tags which first issued out of that doll chaos, the family rag bag, and compares her with the finished wax maiden of to-day, who lacks nothing but a soul, and does not differ in this respect from human prototypes, one is convinced that this is indeed a world of progress. Of course dissolution arrives to the inhabitants of toyland more quickly than it does to those who live in the real world, and it is a question whether it is worth while spending much money on what is destined to be so speedily destroyed. But, judging from the growing variety of toys and the increasing number of buyers, this question seems to be answered in the affirmative.

Much is being said these days of "manifest destiny." One authority on destiny is seldom heard now-adays. Josh Billings is in his grave but in his time he had something to say about this matter, as note the following: "Manifest destiny is the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place, before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him. I don't kno but i may be rong onst more; but, if the frog don't git ketched, the destiny iz just what he iz looking for. When a man falls into the bottom ov a well, and makes up hiz mind tew stay thare, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but, if he almost gits out, and then falls down agin sizteen foot deeper, and brakes off his neck twice in the same plase, and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Mi dear reader, don't beleave in manifess destiny until you see it. Thare is such a thing as manifess destiny; but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale—ov no great consequence onla for ornament. Man w'an't made for a machine; if he waz, it waz a locomotiff machine, and manifess destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings, or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz easy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust tages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood."

POOR HEN WORKED OVERTIME.

But All Her Efforts to Hatch the Eggs Were in Vain.

A group of suburbanites congregated in the reading terminal, awaiting the opening of the train gate, a few days ago, were indulging in small talk, when a remark made by one of them caused a fellow-suburbanite to say:

"That just reminds me. Speaking of jokes, I think I am as good-natured as any one when I get caught, but a little more than a month ago some of the men at the office played one on me that gives me just cause for exasperation, especially as I discovered only last week that the jokers had me for their victim.

"One of my hens had gone 'broody' and a chicken fancier whom I knew well presented me with thirteen eggs from one of his prize hens, all done up neatly in a box. At lunch time while I was out the deed was perpetrated. Innocently I gave those eggs to my boy, with special instructions for setting the hen. That fowl worked faithfully with those eggs, even putting in overtime on some days. Finally when the three weeks were up she began to grow impatient and would cluck about that nest in a most disturbed fashion, eying the eggs suspiciously. She would, however, get on the nest again and patiently await results.

"Several days ago I went to the hen house to investigate," continued the suburbanite, according to the Philadelphia Record, "and a more bewildered fowl than that hen was I never did see. She had as a last resort, and probably in anger, pecked every one of those thirteen eggs. The whole lot had been hard-boiled by my fresh office associates, which fact immediately made clear to me why they were all so much interested in that particular hatching."

Diplomacy of the President.

The velvety-voiced politicians who go to the White House get some jolts from President Roosevelt. When the executive meets the callers in the morning he has them rounded up in the reception-room, and sometimes there are a score in the room at once. Mr. Roosevelt bustles in and ropes at the first shorthorn he sees, finishes with him in short order and goes down the line in the same brisk manner. No confidences are exchanged. The sly politician grasps the President by the lapel, puts his lips close to the executive ear and whispers his little tale. The President replies in a voice audible throughout the room, gives the whole snap away, not only revealing the object of the visitor's call but disclosing his action. In the case of a "turn-down" this is very painful.—Washington Star.

First Street Railway.

The first street railroad was laid in New York in 1832, between the City Hall and 14th street.

Warning to professional visitors: When a woman discovers a bedbug she traces it to the last guest who slept at her house.

Some people can absorb just so much information, and, after they have reached their limit, never learn anything.

MOTHERHOOD.

The night throbs on; but let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth,
To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that Thou hadst need of him!
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise Thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night,
Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt his life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If Thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne,
To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still
In memory of us.

See Thou tend him well.
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in Heaven? Give him back!
Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting,
Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good,
Thou hast my child and he is safe in Thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back!

—Scribner's.

NOT TOO LATE

IT was late when George Atwood arrived at Mrs. Halleck's party. There was quite a brilliant company present, and Mr. Atwood stood near the door to scan the throng.

Evidently he was looking for somebody—yes, for his eyes rested now on a young girl.

A girl with a beautiful face upturned to a fair, handsome man, bending over the back of her chair. She seemed in a trance of delight, and wholly unconscious of anybody's presence in the brilliantly lighted parlors but the man bending over her.

And the girl was George Atwood's promised wife.

When his eyes rested on her an awful change came over his face, the rich, dark color fled, leaving it white and rigid, and his lips formed a tense line under his heavy, dark beard.

For days past George Atwood watched Ida Challis, his intended wife. He knew that Ida loved him devotedly, and he tried not to watch her; he tried not to notice Alfred May's attention to her, but as he caught sight of her face when he entered Mrs. Halleck's parlor he knew that he ought to have kept a better watch over her than he did. Alfred May possessed the fascination of a serpent, and he had drawn Ida into the meshes.

George Atwood turned away with an inward groan. He loved Ida passionately; her love seemed lost to him, yet he could not think of giving her up.

"Mr. Atwood is here," Alfred May said, looking down at Ida Challis.

The radiant face grew pale, and Ida shivered as she looked around her. She had fallen from her world of bliss and she was once more in Mrs. Halleck's crowded salon.

"Did you say Mr. Atwood was here? Where is he?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes; he was here a moment ago. I saw him looking savagely in this direction, but he has disappeared; I do not see him anywhere now," and Mr. May laughed his musical laugh, changed the conversation, and in another minute Ida's face was upturned and rosy once more.

A quadrille was forming, and a gentleman came to claim Ida for the dance. Away from Alfred May and the glamor his presence cast over her partly vanished—she thought of her lover. Where was he? Did he notice anything wrong in her conduct toward Alfred May? If he was in the room why didn't he come to her?

These thoughts flashed through Ida's mind as she waited for the first figure to be called, and happening to turn her head, she saw her lover standing on the opposite side of the room, his eyes fastened upon her. One glance at his livid face and everything in the illuminated parlors seemed whirling round her.

The dance was over. Ida never could tell how she go tthrough it. The heat of the room was suffocating her, and when her partner left her, after leading her back to her seat, she rose and staggered over to one of the windows that opened out upon the balcony.

As she stepped into the deep recess of the window she let the curtains fall behind her, shutting in the light and heat and whirl. How delightful and cool it was out here. The shining stars looked down at her from their deep blue setting through the open window. But Ida did not shut herself out in the darkness to gaze at the stars. She threw herself into a chair which occupied the recess and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, what a wretch I am!" she moaned. "George suspects I think more of another man than I do of him. Heaven help me! How is this going to end?"

Little Ida dreamed that before many minutes she would know how it was going to end. As she asked herself that question voices came to her from the balcony without.

Ida's head was erect in an instant. A lady and gentleman were speaking on the balcony. Ida did not wish to sit and listen to what was not intended for her ears, but the man's voice held her spellbound, and she leaned forward to catch every word that fell from his lips.

"What absurd ideas, to be sure!" the man was saying, in his lightest tones.

"Absurd! How can you say so?" said the lady's voice, hotly. "Anybody can see that you are trying to come between George Atwood and his intended wife."

"Trying to come between them!" and Alfred May laughed derisively.

"Ah, you mean that you have already accomplished it! Yes, everybody says that you must have fascinated Miss Challis—that she loves you is no longer a secret."

"She loves me! Then more fool she for her pains, for, my dear, I have no affection to waste on anybody but your own sweet self."

Ida listened to no more. For days she had been under a spell, but it was shattered at last. She fell back in her chair, buried her head in her hands once more and groaned aloud.

At that moment the heavy curtains parted and George Atwood stepped into the recess.

"Ida, what ails you?" and he rested his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"Oh, don't touch me—don't speak to me!" she cried, drawing away from him with a shiver. "George, I'm not worthy a kind word from your lips."

"Heaven forbid, Ida, that a word should fall from my lips but in kindness to you. It is too late to censure," and the strong man's voice quivered—"it is so hard to give you up. If Alfred May was a good man——"

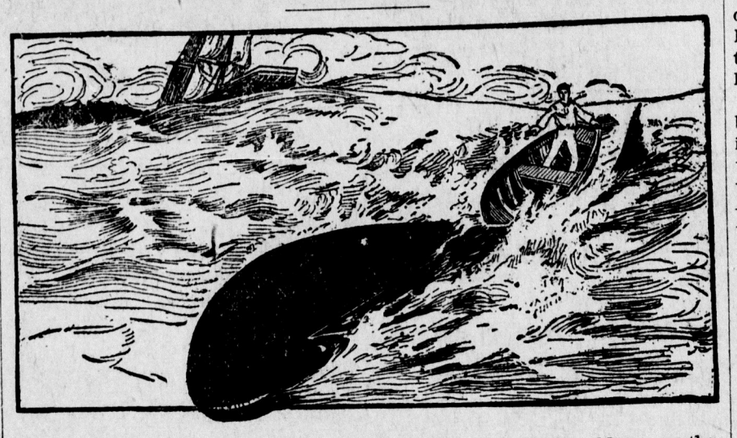
"Alfred May is a scoundrel! and I hate him—I hate myself! Oh, George, if you knew how wretched I am!" and Ida burst into tears.

"Ida!" cried George, in joyful astonishment. "I thought you loved Alfred May!"

"George, I've acted foolishly—I've done wrong, but oh, I'm so sorry," said Ida, between her sobs.

"My darling!" and George clasped her in his strong arms. "Let us forget the past few weeks of our existence."—New York News.

ANCHORED TO A WHALE, GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN IS TOWED OUT TO SEA.



Startling was the experience of Charles Decker of Gloucester, Mass., on the last cruise of his fishing schooner, the Maxine Elliott. Decker, while fishing peacefully in the waters of Sheepscott bay, found himself anchored to a whale, which suddenly took a notion to tow him out to sea at a rate heretofore undreamed of in dory navigation. The Maxine Elliott lay anchored under the lee of Lower Mark Island. The fish were running freely in the mouth of the Sheepscott and Decker, with the other men from the boat, was engaged in hand lining over the sides of dories stretched between the Cranberry ledges and Sister rocks, each covering a favorite locality for cod. Decker let down his anchor when about midway between Lower Mark and Griffith's head, on a spot known to be shoal—about twenty-five fathoms being charted there. He baited a jigger and threw it overboard, and while it was running out set to work on another. He had let his anchor run easily, and when it brought up he had lifted and lowered it several feet to make sure it was on bottom. Suddenly his dory careened, whirled half around, and started ahead at a rate that was dragging his cod line and jigger far behind. Decker was almost paralyzed with astonishment and not a little fright. His hair was beginning to stand on end and his flesh was creepy all over as he thought of some mysterious "sea devil" dragging him out to sea. Just then a big whale came to the top to blow, just ahead of the dory, and Decker was relieved to see his anchor fast in the monster's blow hole. A whale was something that he was used to. His fright vanished and he promptly cut the tow line and released himself from peril. When he came on board his mates refused to believe the yarn, and asserted he had cut the line because he was too lazy to lift the anchor.

HIS BETTING CLOTHES.

Superstitious Young Man Explains Cause of His Losses.

There is a new boarder at the boarding house. He wears a new pair of Scotch tweed trousers, a mile too wide across the beam, and an embryonic waxed mustache, which he loves to train into the form of a grapevine tendril. When he is not twirling his tendrilous mustache or taking another hitch in his trousers he plasters down with his hand his straggly growth of tow-colored hair and confines it as best he can behind the rims of his small ears.

"Do you know," said the newcomer, "that I am the most superstitious fellow you ever saw? Now, really, I am."

"I think that we are all superstitious," said the actress, who sat across from him at the table, and who was one of the ballet in "Beauty and the Beast."

"Perhaps," was the languid reply. "But do you know, some of us sporting men are very superstitious. Don'tcher think so?"

"You a sporting man!" interrupted the actress. "Why," she said, "I took you for a musician. Don't you play?"

"Only the races," answered the new boarder. "Now, for instance," continued the new boarder, "to show you how superstitious I am, I never play a hoss on Friday. I lost $13 the first Friday that I ever bet on the races, and I made up my mind that I never would bet on Friday again. And you notice, too, that it was $13 that I lost."

"And do you know," began the young man again, "I have learned that a man should never play the hosses in clothes that he has lost in. Now, for instance, I always used to lose in a suit of green plaid. I lost on hoss after hoss in those clothes, and finally a friend told me that they were hoo-doo clothes and that I ought to wear something else. Well, do you know, I wore an old suit of black cheviot and I made $400 on a 10-to-1 shot."

"Color makes all the difference in the world in betting. Then, too, a man wil always lose if he bets in a poolroom in the same street with an undertaker's establishment. I used to lose right along at a poolroom in 6th avenue until I found out that there was a undertaker two doors up the street.

"A white hoss is luckier than a black hoss. Whenever there is a black hoss up I always bet on him, especially if I have on a light suit.

The fat boarder was about to leave the table, says the New York Tribune, when he turned and said:

"I don't think I will do much betting at that rate. I haven't enough clothes to go around, and I doubt very much if you will have, young man, if you keep on."

The waxened mustached young man again plastered down a curl, but said nothing.

The Wit of the Little Ones.

Dr. Macnamara, M. P., has a fund of good stories of children's witticisms. "Last Christmas," he says, "I was at a meeting of school children in Kennington. Before going away I said to them: 'Now, boys, mind you don't get into mischief or trouble between now and next Christmas,' to which the children replied: 'Same to you, sir!' To a question as to where the Nile rose, one answer was: 'In Mungo Park.' Another child was asked: 'Where are the most famous volcanoes in Europe?' to which he replied: 'In Sodom and Gomorrah.' Definitions given by some of the little ones were well worth preserving. Here are some: 'A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.' 'A pessimist is a man that attends to your feet, and an optimist a man that attends to your eyes.' This is what a little girl wrote of the Salic law: 'Edward III. would have been king if his mother had been a man.' Again: 'King Henry VII. liked plenty of money and plenty of wives, and died of ulcers on the legs.' 'Grass,' answered one little child, 'is what you've got to keep off.' Another wrote: 'The marriage custom of the ancient Greeks was this, that a man married only one wife, which was called a monotony.'"—London Answers.

A Little Dense.

"Sousa's band played before King Edward."

"Indeed? That wasn't court etiquette, was it?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said Sousa played before the King. The King should have played first, shouldn't he?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Idea of a Recluse.

"It seems funny to find a recluse living right here in the heart of a great city."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Peter B. von Gossler."

"Why, he's not a recluse."

"He isn't, eh? Then why hasn't he a telephone?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Monuments at Gettysburg.

In Gettysburg Park there are about 500 monuments. In addition to this patriotic ornamentation there are 225 mounted cannon and over 200 monumental tablets.

Times have changed; when a woman starts out to earn her living these days, she isn't regarded as a heroine, with a mortgage on her Dear Old Home.

SCARED THE BANK TELLER.

How a Black Cat Hoodooed His Cash Account at a Critical Time.

While eating his luncheon in the cozy corner of a downtown restaurant last Friday the teller of a New York bank told an interesting experience that he had had the day previous.

"I never had such a fright in my life before," he said. "When I left home in the morning I planned to have my wife meet me at the bank at 4 o'clock, when we were to start on a little spree—have a dinner at the Waldorf and attend the theater at night.

"I took a dress coat and wore a silk hat, so as to be all ready to start when she came. The hat was placed on a shelf above my windew, and from the beginning I planned to be all ready when my wife called. I kept tab on my checks and my cash in such shape that but little time would be required to balance my accounts when we closed at 3 o'clock.

"Matters went along as usual, excepting that a black cat kept in the bank came to visit me shortly after luncheon, jumped on the shelf and knocked my hat down on my checks and cash. You know that black cats are supposed to bring bad luck.

"Well, 3 o'clock came, and I hurried with the closing of my accounts. As fate would have it, for the first time in weeks there was an error. I was $10,000 short. Then I was frightened. I went over everything again with the same result. Four o'clock and my wife came, and I could not account for the $10,000.

"I saw trouble, with a probable accusation of embezzlement. There was no leaving the bank with matters in that condition, so at it I went again—with the same result. Then I told the president of the situation, and he sent one of the bookkeepers to assist me. We went over everything, and yet the $10,000 could not be accounted for.

"My wife was patiently waiting for me, and when 6 o'clock came I devised to go with her to dinner, and come back afterward to renew the search for the error. I reached my hat from the shelf, and as I was placing it on my head out of it fluttered a check for $10,000. The black cat was responsible for all my trouble."

FUTURE OF MOROCCO.

Robbery and Pillage Common—Country in Decaying Condition.

It is impossible to write on the subject of Morocco without some mention of its future. There is no need to enter into speculation—as to what that future may be. It need only be pointed out that, in the interests of all the powers of Europe, it is necessary to maintain the status quo.

The internal condition of the country is not satisfactory. The recent long series of arrests, imprisonments and confiscations has disturbed the tranquillity of the governing classes, who do not know whose turn may come next, while it must be confessed that the young Sultan's European tastes have not increased his popularity. That a general upheaval may take place is extremely unlikely, but there is certainly a strong existing feeling of unrest, which tends to let loose the wilder spirit of the people, who see an opportunity of paying off old scores and making new ones, and who are not slow to turn their hands to robbery and pillage. So long as they keep these national amusements to themselves there is little or no danger, but directly the interests of European traders are affected—and their cattle feeding in the interior are often looted—then the question becomes one in which the powers are interested.

Claims are made against the Moorish Government in accordance with treaty rights. These claims are always disputed and often refused, says the National Review, and difficulties invariably arise, sometimes ending in naval demonstrations and shaking the very foundations of the rotten fabric of the decaying country.

Shop Rents in London.

With the gradual improvement in the Strand rents have been steadily advancing, but the prices realized by the shops under the new building of the Hotel Cecil appear to have touched the high-water mark.

There are in all twelve shops, and the applications for them have been numerous, and £800 and £900 a year will be paid for those of normal size and position, while £1,500 a year is the rent of the shop at the corner of the hotel entrance. Three shops are only twelve feet wide, but as much as fifty-six feet deep, and have a frontage both in the Strand and in the court yard of the hotel.

The same high rate prevails, even with the smallest shops. There are two such, measuring no more than nine feet three inches wide and eighteen feet deep, and yet a rent of £500 a year is being cheerfully paid for them. Nor are the leases long, being for the common periods of seven, fourteen and twenty-one years, determinable by the tenant at the end of every seven years.—London Mail.

A Liner's Metal Work.

The boiler tubes on a liner, if placed in a straight line, would reach nearly ten miles, and the condenser tubes more than twenty-five miles. The total number of separate pieces of steel in the main structure of the ship is not less than 40,000.

Happy Married Couples.

A Boston paper has discovered over three hundred happy couples in New England who have passed their golden wedding anniversary, and it is still continuing the search.

Our Exports of Coal.

The United States average exports of 750,000 tons of coal per month.

MUTE WITNESSES.

The soft lamp gilds my desk to-night;
My books stand all a-row,
I turn them o'er, and to my sight
They seem to sorrow so!

The ancient rhymes of love and death,
That were such comforters,
Seem to know some living breath
That all about them stirs.

Story and fable, quaint and good,
They speak so bitterly!
Not as the hand that penned them would
That they should speak to me.

A little comment scribbled fine,
A finger print, a bit
Af folded paper at some line,
Tells how we talked of it.

Alike the poet and the sage,
Gold-edge and russet-brown—
A penciled word upon a page,
A corner folded down!

The glamor of the verse is flown;
The cut leaves seem to bleed.
In the dim light I read alone
The books she loved to read.

Reality, Not Acting.

"WON'T you give us some of your acting this evening, dear Mrs. Sterling?"

Through the window we could see the rain sweeping over the lawn, as it had never ceased to do for the last forty-eight hours, and my guests lounged about the big, uncomfortable hall in various stages of ennui.

They had been discussing the vital question of how the evening was to be got through. Music, suggested by our Wagner enthusiast; dancing, by the waltzing girl, had been gloomily rejected. And then suddenly, as though smitten by an inspiration, the little blonde widow had turned on me, and burst out:

"Won't you give us some of your acting to-night, Mrs. Sterling?"

The truth was, in the days of her

"YOU WILL BE TOO LATE!" I SCREAMED.

maidenhood, the wife of Hen. Felix Sterling had toured three years as leading lady of a provincial comedy company. And now, she still occasionally amused her friends with such smatterings of the histrionic art as she possessed.

"O, yes. Please act for us!" came in a chorus from all parts of the hall. And young Charlie Fleetwood excitedly sprang up and offered to improvise a temporary stage if I would consent to perform on it.

I would not make any rash promises and the subject was still under discussion when tea was brought in, and with its fragrant presence carried our thoughts away from things theatrical to the more important matter of satisfying the cravings of physical nature.

* * * * * * *

Over the sodden lawn, battling with the wind and rain, half a dozen eager-looking men advanced and steered straight for the entrance porch.

We watched their progress in mild surprise, and then suddenly my curiosity was whetted by recognizing the foremost of the six as one of the keepers at the big lunatic asylum which stands, grim and silent, about a league from Winston lodge.

This man—a burly, hard-faced Yorkshireman—asked to see Mr. Sterling. My husband lazily rose and went with him to the door.

The keeper immediately commenced to talk to him in a loud, excited voice—so loud, in fact, that we could not avoid overhearing part of what he said. And that had the effect of throwing my guests into something like a panic, for the keeper spoke of a lunatic who had escaped from the asylum that morning after nearly murdering an attendant. The lunatic was still at large, and had been seen, not half an hour ago, lurking in a plantation near our house.

"Hadn't we—hadn't we better have all the doors locked and bolted?" the waltzing girl suggested, with a shudder.

"What sort of a chap is he?" we heard Felix asking the keeper.

"Tall chap, sir. Thin, snow-white hair, face deathly pale, eyes like fire."

"Umph! No, we have not seen or heard anything of him. If we do, we will let you know at once."

* * * * * * *

"Well, have you prepared your program for to-night, Mrs. Sterling?" Charlie Fleetwood asked when we met in the dining-room.

"Don't ask questions!" I answered. "Let it be a pleasant surprise for you."

Afterward both question and answer proved to have a strange significance.

We were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner. Felix was talking to the blonde widow about a curious book of heraldry he had been reading. He said he would show her the volume in question, and rose to go to the library to fetch it.

"Now, Winston lodge, which we have been accustomed to take each year for the shooting season, consists of an imposing central pile, with two long wings extending east and west. The house was too big for our requirements; consequently we occupied only the center and the west wing. But it was into the east wing that my husband had now gone, the library being there.

He had scarcely left the room when I recollected that the book he wanted was not in the library at all; and, to save him the futile task of looking for it, I ran after him.

I crossed the hall and plunged down the narrow corridor leading to the east wing. My course was unillumined, save for the dim moonlight that penetrated the mullioned windows; but I knew my way well enough, and marched along without hesitation.

I passed through the lofty picture gallery. Out into a second passage I dark, and smelling of musty tapestry.

Suddenly, as I was groping my way along, I saw a slight movement in front of me; and there, but a few feet away, stood a gray, silent human figure.

"Felix, is that you?" I said. And I won't be positive that there was not the suspicion of a quiver in my voice.

There came no answer to the question, and the figure commenced to glide down the pasage.

Without waiting to get thoroughly frightened, I followed it, quickening my pace a little. The mysterious form did the same.

Along and along we went, twisting and turning among the labyrinth of passages, and then at last, coming round a sharp corner, there was a shaft of light through a half-open door—the door of the library, where my husband was.

I darted forward, feeling quite brave, now that I was in the vicinity of Felix. But I was too late. The form glided into the room, silently closing the door, and I heard the key turning in the lock.

I tried the door. It was securely locked. A few yards down the passage, high up in the wall, was a small window looking into the library. Directly underneath it was a heavy oak table. On to that table I scrambled, and glued my eyes to the dust-dimmed pane.

"Felix! Felix, turn around! Look!"

Those were the words I shrieked as I dashed my bare hand through the window, and withdrew it, bleeding.

And my warning was not a moment too soon. As my husband knelt in a corner over a pile of books, the tall, white-haired figure was already close on him, an upraised, weighted stick in his hand, the raging fire of insanity gleaming in his eyes.

But I was just in time. On hearing my voice my husband sprang around, caught the descending stick on his arm, and closed with his adversary in a fearful life and death struggle.

With a cry of encouragement to my husband, I sprang down, bunched up my skirts, and raced back along the passage. I ran as I never had run before. I knocked against furniture in the darkness; I stumbled and fell, but still, impelled by a supernatural force, I rushed on.

I must have looked a remarkable figure as I rushed in amongst my guests. My hand was bleeding, and the blood had stained my white evening gown. My hair was half down, my dress was torn. But what did appearances matter to me?

"The madman?" I gasped, panting for breath. "The escaped madman! He has got into the east wing, and Felix—my husband—— We must burst the door open. Come! Come!"

All eyes were turned upon me, but not a soul offered to move.

"Don't you understand me?" I cried, wringing my hands in my impatience. "There is not a moment to lose. My husband is fighting for his life! Why don't you come? Mr. Fleetwood, you hear me? Have pity—have pity!"

I sprang to Charlie Fleetwood and strove to drag him from the room by main force. What diabolical spell possessed them all that they were indifferent to my appeal? It all seemed like a horrible dream—unreal, grotesque.

"You will be too late!" I screamed, in a perfect frenzy. "Felix will be dead—strangled by that madman's fingers—strangled, strangled!"

I began to reel, clutching desperately at the air. And then, of a sudden, a strange, half-remembered sound rippled through the room—a sound terrible to listen to at first, yet giving me in the end an inkling of the truth.

It was the sound of hands clapping in applause. They thought I was acting!

I stormed and raved and shrieked as surely no actress could or would. I entreated and implored and struggled the while with the feeling of faintness and numbness that was stealing over me.

And then at length seeing that my efforts to make them understand were utterly useless, I suddenly stopped and summoned up a smile as I listened to their applause and congratulations.

Somehow or other I induced them to follow me from the room, telling them that I had something to show them in the east wing—a further entertainment, which my husband and I had prepared. Their curiosity was whetted and they consented to dawdle along behind me, laughing and chattering the while.

Only when they heard that last despairing cry of Felix did Fleetwood and one or two of the other men begin to gain a glimmer of the truth. It was with ever-increasing alarm that they hurried forward and tried to force the library door, and, finally, using the oak table as a ram, burst it open.

I have a vague memory of looking into the room and seeing several persons there and a struggle going on. I can recall the sight of Felix running out, pale and limping, but smiling, and of his holding out his arms to me. I went to meet him, and then—I swooned.—Utica Globe.

Topics of Times

Out of every three persons struck by lightning two recover.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon.

During 1900 no less than 2,717 deaths in Ireland were attributed to cancer.

Accidents in factories are said to be much more frequent in bad weather than in good.

Some Japanese young girls, when they desire to look extremely captivating, gild their lips.

Electric currents from lightning, of 10,000 volts intensity, have been measured while passing down the conductors of the Eiffel Tower.

The philanthropic bird societies are amazed to hear that King Edward has been regaled at the Guildhall on a pie containing a thousand larks.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review emphasizes the fact that dirt, bad air, and unsanitary buildings are the chief causes of consumption, which is therefore easily preventable.

Five years ago there were 1,300 lepers in Molokai. Now there are only 900, and Supt. Reynolds believes that leprosy is being slowly but surely eradicated in the Hawaiian Islands.

The work of strengthening the foundations and structure of the Parthenon has been making progress. The King of the Hellenes frequently visits the temple and shows the keenest interest in what is being done.

Our annual production of oysters is about 13,000,000,000, or some 30,000,000 bushels, worth in the neighborhood of $16,000,000. Not so many years ago we were paying 3 cents for an oyster; today the price is about three for a cent.

Famous Scientist (excitedly)—Something must be done to stop the spread of the opium habit among women. Great Editor (calmly)—Very well, sir; I'll put in a paragraph saying that a hankering for opium is a sign of old age.

Charles De Kay, while talking with an Irish gentleman who was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria, asked the visitor if he put his shoes outside his door at night to be blacked. "Na," was the reply; "begorra, I feared they'd gild 'em."

Among the few families making up the small town of Bessinger, Fla., are six whose children aggregate seventy-one in number—thirty-two boys and thirty-nine girls. Bessinger challenges any place of equal size in the State to match these domestic figurese.

A line of "observation automobiles" is to be run in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of visitors. Each vehicle carries twenty-two passengers and will be accompanied by a lecturer on points of interest at the capital. The fuel is kerosene and the motive power steam.

A monster sea turtle was captured in the arroyo Chana of the Panama delta on Oct. 29, and so great was its weight that it took five men with ropes to land it. It measured seven feet in length, was three feet wide and weighed 336 kilos. It was captured near the Almacen ingles.

A Berlin dentist was sentenced the other day to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 1,000 marks ($238) and five years' loss of titles and privileges, for overcharging, cheating and injuring his patients as well as compelling them to sign contracts while under the influence of anaesthetics.

A New York man says he drinks electricity in water and it has made him ten years younger in a twelvemonth. It restored his teeth, his sight, his hair, his lost vitality. He declares that a glassful of the water as he prepares it will produce sufficient electric force to ring a small bell.

There are said to be from 8,000 to 10,000 men in Chicago who have been admitted to the practice of the law, but only about half of them are actively at work in the profession. The others have gone into mercantile and financial employments, in some cases from necessity and in others from choice.

In Turkey the partridge is detested because once it betrayed the prophet to his enemies, and its legs are red because they were dipped in the blood of Hassan. If a man kills a panther he is imprisoned for twenty-four hours and then is handsomely rewarded. The crane is respected and it is a crime to kill it.

The newest thing in boas is reported from Monte Carlo, where a Mrs. Richard de Bromsley Richards, an English woman, appears for her promenade with a live black and white ouistiti sitting on her shoulder, with its long and bushy tail turned snugly around her throat. An ouistiti is a small monkey, the principal part of which is the tail.

Wyoming has 35,000,000 acres of good grazing lands. There are about 1,000,000 cattle and 3,000,000 sheep in the State. Between the cattle men and sheep men exists a feud that not infrequently leads to murder. Sheep, as you may or may not know, feed in so close order that when a flock has fed over a range not a spear of grass remains. Cattle browse at random, and leave behind more than they eat, so that the range may provide sustenance for two or three herds, one following the other.

An Oklahoma paper tells of a farmer who went to town and thought he would treat himself by attending an opera. He went up to the ticket window and planking down a $5 gold piece asked for a good seat. The show was the "Forty Thieves." The ticket agent shoved out a ticket and a dollar in change. Picking up the dollar the farmer started out of the building. "Hold on!" called the ticket seller, "you've forgotten your ticket." "Keep it, dern yer," replied the farmer. "I don't care to see the other thirty-nine."

Neither women nor dogs are allowed to loaf in Austria and Hungary. The latter are employed to haul delivery wagons from the shops and markets. Sometimes they are assisted by a woman or a boy, seldom by a grown man. You never see dogs capering around the streets. They are not often so high spirited. Hard work takes the ginger out of them, and when you see a dog without a harness he is generally walking along as solemnly as a tired man going home from his work. The sphere of woman's usefulness has been extended to include hod-carrying, ditch-digging, shoveling gravel on railroads and other heavy labor. I have seen her making mortar and assisting to lay paving stones in the street, but she is not yet trusted with a trowel. She carries bricks and mortar up a ladder four stories, but the man at the top does all the work.—Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald.

IDEAL PHYSIQUE,

Few Persons Have the Measurements of Perfect Proportions.

"The tailor who spends his life in taking human measurements could probably tell an interestng story about the decline physically of men and women," said a man who takes a deep interest in physical culture and other processes tending to arrest deteriorating conditions. "I doubt if the measurements taken by tailors will show many perfect men and women. Too many men are wearing 14 collars and too many women are short on waist dimensions. I was glancing through Fourman's book a few days ago, and I was struck by the dimensions agreed upon by the best and most authentic authorities for physical perfection in both men and women. Take the measurements, for instance, of the perfectly proportioned man, with a height of 6 feet 2½ inches; girth of chest, 46 inches; girth of waist, 38 inches; length of upper leg, 17½ inches; length of lower leg 14½ inches; largest girth of thigh, 22½ inches; girth of calf, 16 inches; length of arm, 26 inches, and, weight, 190 pounds. Go to the tailor and ask him how many men come up to this standard. I imagine that one would spend much time before finding the perfect physical conditions in conjunction in a single man.

"The fact of the business is, that these proportions are the result of idealistic theorizing. A man would be perfect, indeed, physically, who could even show a reasonable approximation of this standard. Our tailor's record would probably disappoint us badly, and we would likely become confirmed believers in the doctrine of physical degeneracy in so far as members of our sex is concerned. Man has been dwindling somewhat even in the range of one's own memory. One need not go to the tailors, nor to the vast wealth of statistics which have been complied by persons who take a peculiar interest in man's physical aspect. One is conscious of being smaller than one's father, and less robust, and lacking in that hardiness of temperment found in the sire and the grandsire. Yet the tailor's record will probably show a few isolated instances where men have preserved the proportions found in the physical measurements of the perfect man. And this, after all, is the goal toward which physical culture is drifting. It is not so much a question of larger men in stature, but rather a question of men more perfectly balanced physically—men whose parts will approximate at least the equilibrium found in the perfect measurements of the physical culture doctrinaire. If one must weigh 190 pounds, and stand up to a height of over 6 feet, one might as well give up on the start. But one may at least approximate the ideal proportions, and this is what physical culture proposes to do."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When He was Twenty-one.

There is a young criminal lawyer in this city who, on the occasion of his becoming of age, began the celebration of his birthday in a way that caused his household a great deal of consternation.

On the eve of the fete, shortly after midnight, the young man's family were suddenly startled from their slumbers by a loud voice in the house calling, "There's a man in the house! There's a man in the house!"

The valiant pater familias rushed from his room, bearing in his hands a heavy billet of firewood, to learn the cause of the disturbance and to capture the intruder. His son was standing in the hall, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Where's the man?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Here, sir; here!" proudly replied the young man. "This is he. At last I'm 21!"—Memphis Scimitar.

A Comparison.

Now the Roosters, having learned of the Egg Trust, called a meeting and held an Egg Congress, wherein they drew up lengthy resolutions on the proper treatment of eggs and otherwise sought to bring about a settlement of the iniquitous combine.

Whereat a sarcastic Hen who was lingering near remarked, sotto voce:

"They remind me of those mothers' congresses the human beings hold at times."—Baltimore American.

Earthquakes.

Out of 6,831 earthquakes which had been recorded in the world from the earliest times up to 1850 the British Isles experienced no fewer than 225.

Taxes come high, but we must have them.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Lively Game for Indoors.

The painter and the colors is an amusing indoor game. The leader is the painter. The rest of the players are colors, each taking a name—orange, blue, green, etc.—to which he must respond directly it is mentioned. Beyond this there are four words which must be answered in various ways.

When the painter names the palette, all except the painter cry out, "Colors, colors!" When he speaks of colors in general, all cry, "Here we are!" When of his pencil, the answer exacted is, "Brush! brush!" Finally, when he names turpentine, general consternation is excited and the colors with one accord exclaim, "Help, help!"

Any "color" mentioned by name must immediately name another "color" of the party. The latter replies simply, "Here, sir." Any mistakes or hesitation in giving replies is punishable by a forfeit.

Here is an example of the game:

Painter—I am commissioned by my noble patron, the Marquis of Carabas, to paint a picture of Hamlet and Ophelia. I have made my design and shall begin to set my palette.

All the colors—Colors! Colors!

Painter—I intend astonishing the critics by the brilliance of my colors.

All—Here we are!

Painter—I can't employ you all at once—too heavy a task for a single pencil.

All—Brush! Brush!

Painter—Silence, or I'll exterminate you with a dose of turpentine!

All—Help! Help!

Painter—Be quiet, or I won't employ one of you! I'll begin with the eyes of Ophelia. They ought to be black. (If the painter names a color not in the collection he pays a forfeit.)

Black—Green! Green!

Green—Here, sir!

Painter—No. She was called "the fair Ophelia." Her eyes must have been blue.

Blue—Orange! Orange!

Orange—Here, sir!

Painter—As she was in trouble, her cheeks ought to be pale, almost white.

White—Purple and cherry color!

Purple and cherry (together)—Here, sir!

Painter—All the colors——

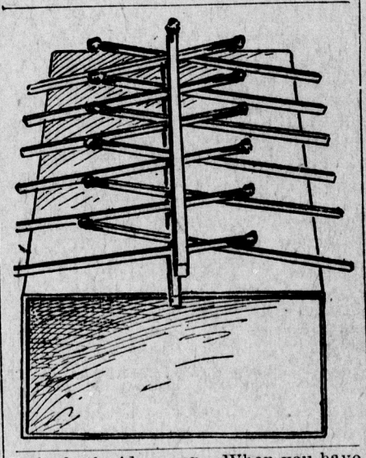
All—Here we are!

Painter— —of the rainbow shall be employed, etc.

And so the game goes on, another member of the party taking the place of the painter when one of them makes a mistake.

An Amusing Match Trick.

Procure a box of matches, out of which select 14 as perfectly cut as possible. Take one of these and lay it on the match box, placing it so that one of the ends protrudes over the edge as shown in the accompanying illustration. They lay 12 matches across it in the manner shown, being careful to



make both sides even. When you have done this lay the fourteenth match right on the top of the bottom one, only it will not rest on the latter, but on the 12 upper ones, being careful not to let it protrude over the edge of the box. Then carefully catch hold of the bottom match, lift it gently, and if you have done the trick correctly you will find that you have been enabled to lift 13 matches with one.

An Explosive Fruit.

A very curious fruit has been discovered growing wild in Batavia, and a sample has been sent to a French professor of botany at Paris. It appears to be a species of bean, resembling a cigar both in form and color, though only about an inch in length. But it has a peculiar characteristic that renders it a very unique and interesting object, and this is the exceedingly energetic manner in which it scatters its seeds. If one of these little fruits be thrown into a basin of water it will rest quietly on the surface for from two to five minutes, then it will explode with violence, hurling most of its contents into the air with a noise and splash for all the world like a small torpedo. It is hardly necessary to say that this phenomenon is caused by the pressure of the elastic substance of its interior, which overcomes the resistance of its hard outer shell.

The fruit usually splits open lengthwise. If plucked before maturity and allowed to ripen in a warm spot, it opens gradually from apex to base, making, as it were, a pair of diverging horns starting from the same point. If left to ripen on the plant, since the process is quicker and the internal moisture greater, the opening is sudden and accompanied with a slight noise, though this is much less than that which takes place when it has been placed in water. In this case the dry but porous tissue of the surface of the fruit quickly absorbs the liquid, especially at the grooves caused by the junction of the two valves or outer shells of the fruit. The internal tissue, being very elastic, exerts upon the latter a tension that soon results in the violent bursting already described. The curious property of explosion is given the little plant for the dissemination of its seeds, which would otherwise stand a poor chance of propagating its species.—Montreal Witness.

Papa's Idea of Heaven.

"Mamma," said small Tommy, "hasn't papa got a queer idea of heaven?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear," replied his mother. "Why do you think he has?"

"Because," answered Tommy, "he said the two weeks you spent at grandma's seemed like heaven to him."

Wanted the Lord to Persevere.

Much to the astonishment of her mother, a little 4-year-old miss recently concluded her evening prayer as follows: "Please, Lord, make me a good girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Financier in Embryo.

Mamma—Now, Willie, here's your medicine, and here's the dime your papa left to pay you for taking it.

Willie (aged 5)—Mamma, you take the medicine and I'll give you half the money.

Ethel's Moist Eyes.

One day little Ethel was watching her father grating horseradish, when she suddenly exclaimed: "I can't watch you any longer, papa; it makes my eyes sweat."

A New Definition.

"Mamma," said little Willie, as he watched her transforming one of his father's old coats into a new one for himself, "is that what they call a cutaway coat?"

WINTER FUN IN THE OLD DAYS.

Reminiscences of Good Times Boys Used to Have.

"Boys don't see fun in winter nowadays, as we used to," an elderly farmer-lawyer, or lawyer-farmer, maintained. "Why, when I was a boy, out in the country, we used to set snares and catch as many as twenty rabbits every night. I remember one prank I played with rabbits' heads about that time. My uncle had a blacksmith's shop and I had to work nearly all day in it just making horseshoe nails—awfully tiresome work for a boy who would rather be out in the woods setting rabbit snares.

"One day I had thirty rabbits' heads—the proceeds of two nights' snares; not quite as many as usual. I had heard my uncle say that Farmer Hobbs was coming in the afternoon to get his horse rough shod. So at the noon hour I slipped off down the road, out of sight of the shop, taking my bag of rabbits' heads with me. In the road I made a big pyramid of those heads, the long ears all sticking out 'every which-a-way.' It didn't look like anything that human eyes had ever beheld—it rather scared me, I remember, although I knew I had made it myself. Then I hid in the fence corner—old rail fence, mind you—and waited for Farmer Hobbs. I knew he rode a rather skittish little black mare—Kitty.

"Well, sir, Kitty came pacing along very decently, and all of a sudden she stood on her hind legs and pawed the air, then jumped off the road sideways, then whirled around and tried to run away. Farmer Hobbs had a hard time of it. He whipped Kitty and he said bad words at her, but go ahead she wouldn't and didn't. He had to dismount, tie her to the fence—the very corner behind which I crouched, snickering in a whisper. Then he walked up the road to the rabbit monstrosity, which he inspected and then kicked all to pieces, saying more bad words. Even then he couldn't lead the mare past the scattered rabbits' heads, so he had to tie her up again, until he had picked them all up and hidden them in the woods.

"Of course," continued the farmer-lawyer, according to the Detroit Free Press, "I slid off through the bushes and was hard at work making horseshoe nails long before he got to my uncle's shop."

Beyond Classification.

The dodo will bite, the worm will turn.

At one fashionable boarding house a young lady who daily ate hash with the other guests acquired quite a reputation for odd table manners. They were unique. She would haul any dish she fancied up to her place and eat it, regardless of the ugly glances of the others. They might cry out, "Help, help, help, or help wanted," despairingly, but they never got it. One morning at breakfast her mamma saw a stern look of disapproval on the face of a new boarder, a swell young man. "Mr. Hightone," she began, suavely, "I trust you will pardon my daughter's bad manners."

"Bad manners," exclaimed the indignant dude, "why, she hasn't any manners at all!"—Louisville Times.

Could Not Stand Cigarettes.

An educated Indian girl has left her husband and returned to savagery because he would persist in smoking cigarettes. How curiously does the feminine mind work!—Buffalo Express.

Only a cowardly painter would desert his colors.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

The forces opposed to an effective Chinese exclusion act are joining hands at Washington to make an open door for coolie labor in this country.

The dividend declared by the Standard Oil Company for the first quarter of 1902 of $20,000,000, is 20 per cent on the par value of its entire capital stock. The present market price of the stock is more than six times its par value.

The Board of Fire Commissioners have established the fire limits for this town, and their report has been duly filed at Redwood City. The next step will be an election to vote a tax for fire purposes. Inasmuch as the law requires an election to be held on the first Monday in April to choose successors to the present Board of Fire Commissioners it may be as well to defer voting on the tax question until that time, and thereby save the cost of one election. The movement to provide efficient and permanent facilities for putting out fires is a wise one. As soon as we have a good fire department we can get a special rating on fire insurance from the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific.

The San Francisco Chronicle makes the removal of a letter carrier at San Jose the occasion or rather the pretext for an editorial attack upon Congressman Loud. The Chronicle is, generally speaking, fair and candid in its treatment of public men, but it seems impossible for it to be fair towards Mr. Loud. The letter carrier was not removed for a mere expression of opinion with regard to the vote or action of Congresssman Loud on a particular bill. The fact is that postoffice employes throughout the country have formed a union to secure higher pay and shorter hours. It was reported that Mr. Loud voted against a bill in the House to increase the pay of the letter carriers. Upon the strength of such report this particular letter carrier proceeded to organize the letter carriers at San Jose to work together for the defeat of Mr. Loud at next election. Such action is a dircet and gross violation of Civil Service rules and for such action the letter carrier was justly bounced.

The hue and cry raised by a San Francisco attorney against Judge Buck for deciding in favor of the Standard Electric Company in their application for permission to cross the lands of W. H. Dunphy at Millbrae proves to be a tempest in a teapot. The attorney neglected the interest of his client, and sought to vindicate himself by casting aspersions on the Court. If he labored under the impression that this course would injure Judge Buck in the estimation of the people of the county he was greatly mistaken. The untruthfulness of the attorney's charges are proved not only by the Court records, but by every person who was in the courtroom on the day in question.—Leader, San Mateo.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All members were present.

Bridget Morehouse, an indigent person of the Second township, was allowed $8 per month from date of application.

Peter Bissell, aged 72 years and a resident of Woodside, was allowed aid in the sum of $5 per month.

A communication was read from the chairman of the finance committee of the late Chinese Exclusion Convention held in San Francisco, asking for funds to defray expenses of stationery, etc., of committee now at Washington. On motion the communication was filed.

The Fire Commissioners of the town of Baden reported that at a recent meeting of the body the fire limits were established, taking in the principal portion of the village. W. J. Martin, D. O. Daggett and William Rehberg are the commissioners. The limits are thus established in incorporated towns for taxation purposes. The report of the commissioners was accepted and adopted by the board on the advice of the District Attorney.

Chairman McEvoy was given further time to sceure an attorney to begin suit on the bond of the California Construction Company. After considerable discussion by the board the new building at the poor farm was accepted. A slight change was ordered in the specifications which was not made known to Contractor Anderson until the building had been completed. Anderson finished the building according to the original plans and in accordance the board said the specifications were carried out to the letter.

Mr. McEvoy reported that he had ordered a Mrs. Valentine of Menlo Park sent to the poor farm, as she was feeble-minded and unable to properly care for herself. She is quite aged and owns a small shanty at Menlo, and his action, while not strictly legal, was only what any one would have done under the circumstances.

The board unanimously approved his action, and directed the Clerk to note the occurrence on the minutes of the board.

C. A. Warren asked for permission to construct a tannery in the First township. He was requested to make a formal application in writing to the Board when the privilege would be granted.

Owing to an error in copying a petition from W. H. Dunphy for the closing of certain streets at Millbrae into the records of the board, a new resolution formally closing the thoroughfares was introduced by Geo. C. Ross on behalf of Mr. Dunphy and adopted by the board, thereby correcting the error.

Geo. C. Ross, chairman of the committee to receive the Supervisors of the counties of the State that are to meet in convention at Redwood City in May, reported progress. He said a full report would be forthcoming at the next meeting of the board.

Supervisor Coleman stated that there were a number of trees on the county road between the Belmont pumps and Belmont that are a detriment to the road, and he was of the opinion that they stood upon the sidewalk. He asked for permission to order their removal. The board directed the Clerk to notify Mr. Bishop, the owner of the property, in front of whose property the trees stand, to remove them within ten days or the board will take action at the next meeting to compel their removal.

Claims allowed by Supervisors.

FIRST ROAD FUND.

Philip O'Malley	$ 13 00
George Furrer	84 00
O. Hartzell	39 00
Chas. Barbeau	41 00
A. Buffett	39 00
F. and S. Belli	50 55
P. F. Roberts	68 00
Philip O'Malley	50 00
Peter Gillogley	159 00
B. S. Green	104 00
E. F. Smith	28 00
John Kennedy	14 00
Thomas Egan	17 00
Spring Valley Water Works	9 00
J. Lynch	45 00
Wm. Nye	26 00
John Sheehan	26 00
M. Legrand	26 00
Frank Sweeney	24 00
W. S. Taylor	91 00
Wm. Prince	6 00
M. Corbett	32 50
Wm. Rehberg	96 00

FIRST ROAD FUND—SPECIAL.

Harry Selicano	$ 20 00
A. Bissett	52 00
I. Masterson	58 00
Chas. Barbeau	14 00
A. Buffett	9 00
Walter Allen	17 50
Chas. Greis	29 50
A Jenevein	46 00
Geo. Furrer	73 35
F. Sanchez	42 70
John F. Bauer	118 00
E. Rudy	23 50
C. Chiosso	8 00
M. F. Healey	52 00

GENERAL FUND.

S. Christensen	$ 2 15
P. P. Chamberlain	22 79
H. H. Hurd	2 50
Con. Light and Power Co	8 20
Frank Madona	24 10
Tacoma Mill Co	17 55
A. Nemwan	9 60
W. W. Beeson	16 00
T. F. Casey	18 10
J. Kerr	18 70
J. F. Kerr	69 00
J. Sbarboro	7 50
Henry Hildebrand	26 40
John Keyn	26 20
Richard Horder	16 10
Herman Fry	26 05
Wm. Chappell	10 55
J. J. Rooney	24 90
S. J. Tichenor	32 25
S. G. Goodhue	11 75
D. R. Stafford	6 45
W. H. Brown	12 65
J. Parady	18 10
M. & S. Belli	15 00
G. B. DeMartini	52 00
Recorder Pub. Co	9 00
W. B. Gilbert	10 00
Isabella Curran	25 00
W. M. Barret	54 40
Butano Mill Co	77 68
Geo. H Rice	150 00
P. Linehan	18 60
Chas. Littlejohn	16 00
H. Hildebrand	15 00
G. Einstein	3 15
A. D. Walsh	14 30
Geo. W. Lovie	15 00
Redwood City Water Works	10 75
Stafford Bros	5 75
Jas. D. Byrnes	10 00
Heaney & Jamieson	8 75
A. D. Walsh	95 20
Sunset Telephone Co	17 00
San Mateo Lumber Co	103 02
Levy Bros	30 00
C. H Locker	5 00
B. S. Jackson	8 25
J. H. Mansfield	389 90
N. B. Graves	17 70
Redwood City Democrat	96 80
Butano Mill Co	160 92

GENERAL ROAD FUND.

S H. Cronk	$ 5 00
Chris Hynding	9 10
M. Woodhams	16 00
S. J. Tichenor	6 00
H. E. Heiner	14 00
H. McArthur	14 60
A. Gordon	15 10
James Curran	8 10
Geo. W. Lovie	2 10
Walter Knight	14 60

SALARY FUND.

John McCormick	$ 37 20

Adjourned.

Immense Fire in Waterbury, Conn.

Waterbury (Conn.)—In the hardest gale of the winter, Waterbury struggled Sunday night with a fire that destroyed a large area of the business section of the city and threatened to wipe it out completely. The blaze started in the store of the Reid & Hughes Dry Goods Company at 108-120 Bank street, and that store and many adjoining buildings were reduced in a few hours to smoldering ruins. An estimate of $2,000,000 as the amount of property loss on buildings and contents was considered conservative by insurance men. The origin of the fire is unknown and it was undiscovered until it had gained tremendous headway.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARacter and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Building, Chicago. 3-14-02

BLUNDERS IN FICTION

ASTRONOMICAL BULLS THAT LIVE IN PROSE AND POETRY.

Hall Caine's Wonderful Night, Dickens' Stationary Star, Rider Haggard's Wonderful Eclipse and Coleridge's Impossible Crescent.

It is curious to note in how many instances strange astronomical errors appear in works of fiction quite unnecessary to the requirements of the story and resulting apparently from sheer lack of observation. As a modern example of such gratuitous blundering take a piece of description from Mr. Hall Caine's "Scapegoat:" "It was a wonderful night. The moon, which was in its first quarter, was still low in the east, but the stars were thick overhead." A wonderful night, indeed! And strange that such a lover of nature as Mr. Hall Caine should not have reflected that when the moon in its first quarter is low in the east it is broad daylight, with the sun high in the heavens!

Nevertheless on this point he erred in good company. The young moon has proved a stumbling block to many a writer who has attempted to introduce it as a picturesque adjunct to his description of evening.

In Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" Eugene Wrayburn, in his walk along the river bank, finds it has just risen when "the stars were beginning to shine in the sky, from which the tones of red and yellow were flickering." Dickens, in truth, was sublimely superior to astronomical niceties, especially when they in any way interfered with the artistic effect of his stories. In his "Child's Dream of a Star" the point turns upon one special star, "larger and more beautiful than the rest," which always came out every night in one particular place and at one particular time, thereby behaving as no star has ever conceivably been known to do. This is undoubtedly taking a liberty with the solar system, but it is small indeed compared with the license sometimes claimed by authors desirous of calling in the aid of astronomy to assist their plots, but who are either insufficiently acquainted with their subject or count it no sin to twist and convert facts to suit their requirements.

A very famous and noteworthy instance of this is afforded in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," where the phenomenon of a total solar eclipse is employed with most happy and dramatic effect as far as the story is concerned, but with a perfect disregard of astronomical details which in its audacity is almost startling. Here, again, as in so many other cases, the difficulty of the young moon comes in, and the sun has scarcely set before the "fine crescent" rises in the east. Within a wonderfully short space of time after this curious event the moon is full, and only a day later the total eclipse of the sun takes place, despite the astronomical fact that it is at "no moon" (or, more accurately speaking, the last few seconds of the old moon and the first few seconds of the new) that a total solar eclipse alone is possible.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of this altogether remarkable eclipse is that the total darkness lasts for nearly an hour. Alas, under the rarest and most favorable conditions, seven minutes alone is the utmost limit of time during which the sun's face is totally obscured, and the observer under ordinary circumstances counts himself lucky if he is rewarded for a journey of some thousands of miles by an uninterrupted view of the corona for three minutes, two or even less.

Some years ago one of the magazines contained a story called "The Portent," the motif of which was a certain strange seeming in the heavens which, whenever it appeared, boded ill to a particular family. This prophetic sign was none other than the appearance of the crescent moon with a star between the two horns. Nor was this a particularly novel idea, for it will be remembered that in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" that veracious seaman relates how at one period of his adventures there rose

above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

In a purely miraculous and fanciful creation like this famous poem it would be ridiculous to cavil at such a detail, though in the case of the story it might well be questioned how the star could manage to appear in such a position. We may perhaps refer to the line in "The Burial of Sir John Moore" where the great soldier is represented as being interred "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light," whereas, as a matter of fact, the moon was but a day old at the time of the battle of Coruna and therefore invisible. This seems like hypercriticism, especially in a poem that lays no claim to astronomical accuracy.

The case is different when an author deliberately makes a statement which he intends shall be believed. In "Innocents Abroad" Mark Twain draws special notice to the point that on the voyage across the Atlantic they observed the full moon located just in the same spot in the heavens at the same hour every night. He accounts for this by the motion of the ship, which gained enough every day to keep up with the moon, but he seemingly forgot that, though for this reason the position of the moon might not greatly alter, her phase certainly would, so that it could not have been the full moon which was visible night after night.—London Standard.

"Why do you bring this to me?" thundered the weary editor, thrusting the manuscript back into the hands of the poet.

"Because," replied the bard timidly, "I have no stamp."—Boston Post.

A SERPENT'S APPETITE.

His Meal of a Rubber Boot Was a Disastrous One.

From a gentleman who was at one time a resident of Brazil comes a remarkable story about a snake that he encountered in the woods one day which followed him with much persistence.

"Sitting on a stump, I became aware of the approach of a huge snake," writes this gentleman. "He must have been fifteen feet in length. There was no doubt the snake was about to attack me.

"Without hesitating for a moment I discharged my two barrels. For a short time the reptile raged furiously, and I climbed a nearby tree. I had hardly reached the first boughs when I saw the snake approaching the tree, and it climbed up behind me.

"Higher and higher I went. Higher and higher came the serpent. My heavy rubber boots were a great drawback to my climbing, so I tried to get rid of them. I took one off and dropped it, and just as I had the second in my hand the snake reached me, and I, in my desperation, tried to shield myself with the rubber boot.

"Then the snake made a dash and, getting hold of the boot, turned and descended the tree. I was saved, but I had not the courage to leave the tree before my friends arrived. I told them of the adventure I had and rode home minus one rubber boot. Of his snakeship nothing could be seen.

"A few weeks later on another hunting trip we found in the road a big dead snake, terribly swollen. We cut it open and found, to our astonishment, my rubber boot not in the least injured."—New York Times.

How Frederick Stopped Dueling.

When Frederick the Great ascended the Prussian throne, fatal duels among officers were of daily occurrence. He resolved to put an end to the practice, and he did—for a time; as long as he reigned, in fact. He issued an edict that any officer fighting a duel and surviving would be shot or hanged.

Two officers appealed to him to be allowed to try to slay each other. Granted on two conditions, that he (the king) should chose the ground and be present at the encounter. Accepted.

Frederick chose the ground, attended the "meet" and took his seat behind the fine new gibbet he had erected in honor of the occasion. The combatants approached his majesty, saw the gibbet, became puzzled and embarrassed.

"What may this mean, your gracious majesty?" they ventured to ask.

"It means this," was the suave reply—"that the man who survives will be hanged as high as Haman on that gibbet."

There was no duel.—Pall Mall Gazette.

People Who Did Not Kill.

The inhabitants of the Canary islands, the Guanches, were, it is supposed, but the mountain shepherds of a submerged world. Though so strong physically, the Guanches were nevertheless a very gentle race. They rarely made war on one another, and when the Europeans fell into their hands they did not kill them, but sent them to tend sheep in the mountains. So tame were the birds in this happy land that when the Spaniards first landed they came and fed out of their hands.

To kill an animal degraded a man. The butcher was a reprieved criminal and outcast and lived apart, he and his assistants being supported by the state. No woman was allowed to approach the shambles, and in such horror was killing held by these giants that no man could be ennobled until he had publicly declared that he had not been guilty of killing any animal, not even a goat. Their standard of morality was high. Robbery was almost unknown among them.

A Japanese Superstition.

Writing exhaustively of dragon flies Lafcadio Hearn says in his book, "A Japanese Miscellany," of "the dragon fly of the dead:"

"Unlike the equally weird name "yurei-tombo, or 'ghost dragon fly,' the term shroai-tombo does not refer to the appearance of the insect, but to the strange belief that certain dragon flies are ridden by the dead, used as winged steeds.

"From the morning of the thirteenth to the midnight of the fifteenth day of the old seventh month—the time of the festival of the Bon—the dragon flies are said to carry the hotoke-sama, the august spirits of the ancestors, who then revisit their former homes. Therefore, during the Buddhist All Souls' children are forbidden to molest any dragon flies, especially dragon flies that may happen to enter the family dwelling.

"This supposed relation of dragon flies to the supernatural world helps to explain an old folk saying, still current in some provinces, to the effect that the child who catches dragon flies will never 'obtain knowledge.'"

The Caddie's Eyesight.

"Good eyesight is necessary for a caddie, isn't it?" asked the boy of no experience.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the experienced lad. "There's some couples in this club that'll pay you more for looking the other way an' not seein' anything than they will for findin' the balls. You've got to learn when to have the eyesight an' when not to have it."—Chicago Post.

The Dear Girl—I am really astonished to hear you advance the proposition that a child should not be corrected in the presence of strangers.

The Savage Bachelor—He should not be, because he should never be in the presence of strangers; that's why.

There are scores of references in the Bible to the use of perfumes by the Hebrews both in their religious services and in private life.

Webster's Income.

The legal profession of the present day will be surprised to learn that Mr. Webster, the greatest American lawyer of his time, made but $15,000 a year by his practice. But the fees of counsel between 1840 and 1850 were not what they have been since.

In 1848 I accompanied a client to Mr. Webster's office in Boston and asked him to name a retaining fee in an important patent case. He said he thought a couple of hundred dollars would do. When the case was tried, his fee was only $1,000. On another occasion I paid him a retaining fee of $2,000 for the proprietors of the Goodyear india rubber patent.

His fee for arguing the great equity cause of Goodyear versus Day in the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Jersey, by which he established the validity of the Goodyear patent, was $5,000. This was in the spring of 1852, and was the last case he ever argued.

Albani and Gye.

The story of Mme. Albani's first London engagement is as follows: Colonel Mapleson heard of her singing at a theater at Malta, and, thinking that she would be successful, he made her an offer, through an agent, of a contract to sing in Her Majesty's theater. She agreed to it and went to London; but, on arriving there, she told the cabman to drive her to the Italian opera house. He, instead of going to Her Majesty's, took her to Covent Garden, which was also devoted to Italian opera.

She was shown up to the manager's office and stated that she had come to sign the contract which Mr. Mapleson had offered her. Mr. Gye, thinking to play a joke on his rival, Mapleson, made out a contract, and Albani signed it. Mr. Gye then told her that he was not Colonel Mapleson, but that he could do much better by her. He offered to tear up the contract if she liked, but told her that Nilsson was singing at Her Majesty's and would brook no rival.

Albani decided to let the contract stand and thus became one of the stars of Covent Garden, eventually marrying the son of Mr. Gye.

Caught a Tartar.

Like so many of his learned brethren in the Church of England, the late Canon Carter was the terror of compositors. His was perhaps, after Dean Stanley's, the very worst handwriting of the last century.

About 1880 the then bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Maclagan, surprised one of his secretaries by saying: "I have hardly ever received an anonymous letter, but I got one this morning. It is very badly written, and I can hardly make it out, but from the signature it is sure to be abusive. The man has signed himself 'A Tartar.' See if you can make it out."

The secretary, who knew the handwriting, rather startled his lordship by rejoining: "It's nothing alarming. It's only a note from Canon Carter of Clewer!"—London Tit-Bits.

Lies of the White Kind.

The whole fabric of social intercourse is interwoven with what would be lies according to a strict code. Some are pleasant fictions that deceive nobody. Most of them have their genesis in a kindly, cheerful desire to avoid giving pain. These polite untruths are the lubricant of society. They wear away the rough edges, take away the sting out of uncomfortable facts. They are the flower of courtesy, "the pineapple perfume of politeness."—Washington Times.

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

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HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Welcome rain.

The new store is open.

The cold wave has subsided.

Pat Ferriter paid our town a visit Sunday.

Billy Wagner came up from San Mateo Tuesday.

Halfmoon Bay has an oil refinery for its oil wells.

Capt. Rehberg took a trip to Redwood City Monday.

Fresh goods and fair prices prevail at the People's Store.

W. R. Markt of the "Real Thing" was in town Wednesday.

It is time another workingman should commence building a home.

The work on the addition to the Linden House is approaching completion.

Frank Miner has completed his contract on the bulkhead at the water front.

Don't forget the Masquerade Ball to be given by the Butchers at Butchers' Hall on Washington's Birthday.

Zell Rollins is giving the roofs of the four Tilton cottages a general overhauling, renailing the shingles and replacing broken ones.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

The party given by Mrs. Ingram last Saturday evening in honor of the birthday of her genial brother, Jack Wallace, is declared by all present to have been a most enjoyable affair.

Robt. and Will H. Britton of Baden came up Monday evening. They will remain some time and expect to plant 1000 prune trees on their land just south of Mrs. M. A. Kelley's.—Morgan Hill Sun-Times.

William H. Crowe, son of Undertaker Crowe, is ill with diphtheria, which he is supposed to have contracted while caring for the bodies of the Debenedetti children, who died from the disease last week. His physician does not consider his condition very serious.—Times-Gazette.

Supervisor Jos. Debenedetti came up from the meeting of the Board of Supervisors on Monday and spent a few days here visiting his son and observing the beginning of business at the new store. Mr. Debenedetti is able to get about with the aid of a stick and is rapidly recovering from his injury.

Henry Michenfelder is maintaining a first-class bakery here in our town town with teams and delivery wagons and he is prepared to deliver bread hot or cold at any hour, early enough for breakfast and for all the meals of the day. It costs no more to buy home bread than from an outside baker.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

The contract just finished by Mr. Frank Miner, improving the company's bulkhead at the water front, was a heavy and important work. It involved the excavation of over 1500 cubic yards of earth and putting in over 2500 cubic yards of coarse rock. The work gives entire satisfaction to the company and does credit to the contractor.

The new store of Debenedetti & Montevaldo opened for business the first of this week. It will take several days to get the big stock all in place. The new store has, to begin with, a fine, spacious and well equipped storeroom. The stock is large and all fresh goods. The young gentlemen who have made this business venture and investment in our town have ample capital to enable them to buy at real wholesale prices. They promise our people to sell goods as low as the same articles can be purchased at retail in the city of San Francisco. A large portion of the grocery trade of our town has heretofore gone to the city. Nearly all the boarding houses of our town buy the bulk of their groceries in San Francisco. This is bad for our town. We trust this trade will hereafter remain at home. Give the new firm a fair trial.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms. *

At the Convention of Citizens of California interested in the preservation of the redwoods of the Big Basin, held at San Jose on January 23d last, the Chairman of the Convention was instructed to appoint a committee of fifteen citizens to present the matter of building wagon roads into the Big Basin to the Boards of Supervisors of the Counties of San Mateo, Santa Cruz and Santa Clara. The following named citizens have been constituted members of said committee from San Mateo County: G. P. Hartley of Redwood City, Geo. W. Hall of San Mateo, Geo. F. Gilbert of Halfmoon Bay, C. F. Wilson of Pescadero and E. E. Cunningham of South San Francisco. The presentation of the matter of building roads into the Big Basin, to the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County will devolve upon the above named committeemen of this county.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

The last statistics of the United States gave the population of the combined states at about seventy-two millions of people. And if one single person will only stop to consider what a small piece of ice he cuts when standing amongst such a vast number, he would oft come to the conclusion that he is "not so much," after all. And those few who are mentioned in our daily or weekly papers are generally doing something out of the ordinary in order to have their names mentioned. But occasionally one meets with such a good fellow as F. Hanson, who never has had his name printed in headline letters because he has never been able to distinguish himself in either a good or bad form. But, in order to have his name well aired and have him more popularly known, we will give a sight-draft description of Mr. F. Hanson. Don't forget the name. Mr. Hanson has been working for C. A. Warren at the San Bruno quarry some time, and his star rises and falls something after the in and out going tides of the Bay. Mr. Hanson is a perfect facsimile of man; and has had nearly every position in connection with the quarry except "Bill Jones'" place, but hopes some day that there will be a meteoric display from the Heavens above which will open the gates ajar and allow Mr. Hanson to occupy the chariot which now "Bill Jones" occupies and drives a Nancy Hanks.

Mr. James Brown, the head biscuit juggler at Warren's quarry, had a very serious mishap some time last week. Mr. Brown had a rush order for three cups of Mocha and Java mixed, and as he entered the dining room he beheld one of Bob Wilson's parsimonious smiles and immediately collapsed, breaking the three saucers. The breaking of the saucers was not the most serious part of it; they were the only three saucers left, and he has about eighty men to serve. Mr. Brown has a half a notion to leave his happy home. There are times when one would rather be at home; and there are times when one would rather be alone; but if C. A. Warren had to put in a night in the basement of crummy row he would come to the immediate conclusion that he would rather, as the Englishman would term it, "be in —l."

What would happen to a private individual in San Francisco who accidentally had courage enough to kill one of the "fly coppers" who are going around dressed in a suit of citizen's clothes, holding up people promiscously just to see if they have a gun on them or resemble "Kid" Goucher. The San Francisco police are making it very unpleasant for Edward Jones, the young man who was the chief witness against Policeman Crackbon, who not long ago shot and killed Joseph Pedro, because he had not nerve enough to stand and be searched when a gun was thrust point blank at him. And for what?

Pat Martin has set the record at the San Bruno quarry for getting out rock. Mr. Martin is the foreman of the big quarry and has under his charge about twenty-five of the old-timers and they know how to do the trick when it is up to them to do it. Eighty-two cars of rock, equal to 502 tons, was the record for the day, for nine and one-half hours' work. Geo. Hays, a bright young fellow, handled the throttle and brakes of the engine, and had but little time to spare for Mollie Riley. It will be many moons before Pat Martin's record of 500 tons is beaten.

In an interview with C. A. Warren, in regard to the Christmas package handed to Walter McMullen last Christmas, Mr. Warren stated that Mr. McMullen had not been officially notified from him, C. A. Warren, not to accept the present. And the dismissal of Mr. McMullen was for no other reason; only, because Mr. Warren thought he had become too popular.

Jealousy is supposed to be a creation of the devil. So the devil must have us all, as we notice in all walks of life the jealousy existing. But the place where jealousy is most manifest is at the San Bruno quarry, and R. J. Wilson seems to be the object upon whom all this envious feeling is cast; and if it continues until next Christmas time his position will in no wise be endangered with a "package" from the head office. He will be able to strut about the quarry in his silk hat, overcoat and gloves to match the hat; and never, for one moment entertain the idea that he is getting too popular.

The red flag has been taken down and a pure milk white one has been raised in place of it at the quarry. The timekeeper's time has expired and he will not be executed according to the schedule for the month of January. But, look out for next pay day, Charlie.

Friday, February 1st, was a very busy day on the San Bruno road. Two of San Francisco's wisest mounted police were patroling the turnpike from Henry Blanken's place as far south as Baden, inquiring into everybody's business but their own. They repeatedly made some of the clam diggers wade through the mud and out on the road in order to satisfy their curiosity, whether they had a "Kid" Goucher, a Browny or a Leadville Jimmy. During the celebration of their holiday they enjoyed themselves in a way that only San Francisco officers can. At the very time their merriment was at its height a poor and unsuspecting clam digger was turning over his kitchen stove, dishpans, pots, beds, mattresses and even stood on his head after turning his pockets inside out in order to satisfy two masked highbinders that he had no money about him. The robbers, however, were rewarded by discovering a bottle half full of Hunter Rye Whiskey. A mile from the first robbery chronicled is C. A. Warren's quarry bunkhouse, which was also robbed of very nearly everything which was transportable. In the evening the brave uniformed lads returned to Frisco and probably turned in a report which would take a police commissioner fourteen hours to read, and felt that they had done their duty to the full extent of the law.

On Sunday last the boom and its mast arrived at the quarry wharf. The hind truck of the wagon which was attached to it was lost on one of the sharp turns that the San Bruno road is famous for, so the boom came in on one truck and the rest of it slid in on its own merits.

If the weather remains favorable and it does not rain or the sun does not shine too bright, and if he has good luck, the cook at quarry wharf will change his shirt.

Who can explain this? Hoffman killed six canvasbacks with one shot out of a double-barreled gun; Smith got in the boat, rowed out to where they were and when he fished them out of the water they were all rabbits.

C. A. Warren is quietly interesting himself in the San Bruno road, and has repaired about 200 yards of it with the best material to be had at the quarry at his own expense.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mrs. R. B. Painton has returned from San Jose, where she has been for the past six weeks.

Miss McGovern, Miss Lewis, Miss Bacher, Mr. Brown and Mr. Painton spent Tuesday evening very pleasantly at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney.

San Bruno school is soon to have a piano. Mr. Eikerenkotter, one of our generous trustees, has given the school the use of his for an indefinite time. Before many days it will be in place, and the school will be materially benefited by having an instrument with which to accompany the singing and play for marching.

GIBSON-BROPHY.

Married, on February 4, 1902, at the Russ House, San Francisco, Cal., by Rev. Dr. John A. B. Wilson, pastor of Howard Street M. E. Church, Alex E. Gibson of San Luis Obispo and Flora May Brophy of Templeton.

WILL TRY OIL.

Supervisor McEvoy is arranging to have a section of road near Menlo Park sprinkled with crude oil, with a view to using it in his entire district if it proves as satisfactory as is claimed for it.—Times-Gazette.

DUCK SEASON CLOSED.

Yesterday was the last day open for shooting ducks. Local sportsmen say that the past season has been the best for years. Almost every hunter who has gone into the marsh in search of the delicious feathered game has returned with good bags and quite frequently they have returned with the limit, which is twenty-five birds.—Times-Gazette.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, $10; upper flat, $12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARacter and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head offices. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessar References. Enclose self-addressed stamp envelope. Manager, 316 Caxton Buildi Chicago. 3-14-

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

Prizes for Boys and Girls!

The National Homemaker

A Handsomely Illustrated Monthly Magazine, devoted to making

HOMES IN THE ARID WEST,

wants new subscribers in this section.

To the boy or girl in the West sending the greatest number of subscribers to THE NATIONAL HOMEMAKER by July 1st, 1902, there will be paid **$25 in Gold**; to the second, $15, and to the third, $10.

In addition to this, all contestants sending in ten or more subscriptions, will receive 10 per cent. commission for their work.

The regular subscription price is $2, but during this contest it will be but one-half of that amount—$1.

Circulars, sample copies, and subscription blanks will be sent to all contestants by addressing

THE NATIONAL HOMEMAKER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Prizes for Irrigation Photos

—THE—

National Homemaker,

devoted to the making of homes in the Arid West, wants Photos depicting irrigation with

Homes Founded by Such Work.

Cash Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize.....$5
Second Prize.....$3
Third Prize.....$2

Contest Closes March 1, 1902

Publishers reserve the right to purchase Photos not winning a prize. Address

THE NATIONAL HOMEMAKER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Special Subscription Price, $1 a Year.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices and are in demand.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No.1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8@8¼c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6@6.10; over 250 to 300 lbs, 5½@5¾c; rough heavy hogs, 4@4½.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4¼@4½c; Ewes, 3¾@4¼c. Yearling Lambs, 4½@5c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4¼@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½; second quality, 6½@7c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@6¾c; second quality, 6½ third quality, 5@6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½; small, good, 9 @9½; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7½@8½c; Ewes, @7 7½c; Yearling Lambs, 8½@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8¼@8¾c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12@13c; picnic hams, 9c; Atlanta ham, 9c; New York, shoulder, 9c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 14½c; light S. C. bacon, 13½c; med. bacon, clear, 11½c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 12c; clear light, bacon, 13c; clear ex. light bacon, 14c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $13.50; do, hf-bbl, $7.00; Family Beef, bbl, $13.00; hf-bbl, $6.75; Extra Mess, bbl, $13.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 10¼c; do, light, 10½c; do, Bellies, 10¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $21.00; hf-bbls., $10.75, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.15; do, kits; $1.10.

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8	8¼	8¼	8⅜	8¾	8⅞
Cal. pure	11	11¼	11¼	11⅜	11¾	11⅞

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.25; 1s $1.25; Roast Beef, 2s $2.25; 1s, $1.25.

Ideal Dental Co.

6 EDDY ST., Rooms 32 & 44,
San Francisco.

Painless Extraction a Specialty.

Five years written guarantee with all work.

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A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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Constantly on hand and for sale

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All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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GOOD MEAT

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ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

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Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

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Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Beer AND Ice

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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

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Wieland, Fredericksburg,
United States, Chicago,
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BREWERIES

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THE UNION ICE CO.

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Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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South San Francisco Laundry

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Waing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

MILLIONS A YEAR.

INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF MONEY LOST BY THE WORKING CLASSES.

An Interview With George V. Hammond, of Tacoma, Wash., a Man Who Talks From Experience.

The money lost annually by skilled workmen of all occupations figures up to millions of dollars and is becoming greater every year. This amount of money represents mainly time lost and the serious effect upon the social comfort of the workingmen and their families is evident. Mr. George V. Hammond, of Tacoma, Wash., said the other day:

"I have lost my share of time, but I am thankful to say that I have not been losing any of late."

"You don't look as if you had lost much through sickness."

"No, and I don't feel so. But the fact remains that I was a very sick man. I took cold along in 1889 and rheumatism settled in my arms and shoulders. I suffered for three years and nothing relieved me until in April, 1892, upon the recommendation of my sister, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and found relief in the second box. I took five boxes in all and now am entirely cured and have had no occasion to use them since."

Mr. Hammond resides at No. 610 N. Steele street, Tacoma., Wash., and at the request of the reporter made affidavit to his above statement before James H. Dege, a notary public, on July 5, 1901.

There is a popular idea that rheumatism is caused by exposure to cold and that some localities are infected with it more than others. Such conditions frequently promote the development of the disease, but, from the fact that rheumatism runs in certain families, it is shown to be hereditary and, consequently, a disease of the blood.

Frequently an individual, in whose family rheumatism has not occurred, develops the disease, and when a diagnosis of the case is made, it is generally found that the ailment is due to a derangement of the blood.

External applications may afford temporary relief, but to cure the disease it is necesary to treat it through the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People go directly to the seat of the disorder, purifying and enriching the blood by eliminating poisonous elements and renewing health giving forces. They are a positive specific not only for rheumatism, but for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after-effects of grip, of fevers and of other acute diseases, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes, two dollars and fifty cents, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Be sure to get the genuine; subsitutes never cured anybody.

Why He Hesitated.

The Brooklyn Citizen prints an experience of a man who traveled all over Europe and declares that he did not meet but one person who hesitated over the acceptance of a fee:

I was wandering through an old graveyard in an English town and had stopped before a stone which had not been long in place. A man who must have been following me stepped up and said:

"Ah, sir, but she who lies here will be missed for years to come! She was for half a lifetime the president of the charity board."

In an absentminded way I handed him a sixpence, said the traveler. He received it, turned it over in his hand in a hesitating way and finally stammered:

"As she was my own wife, sir, and as I was here to plant flowers on her grave, perhaps it would not be exactly proper to accept a fee."

I replied that but for him I might never have known about her being president of the board, and he swallowed his scruples and pocketed the sixpence with one motion and with evident satisfaction.

No Right to Live.

Beggar—Won't you give me some money, professor? My money is all gone, and I can't live.

Professor—How old are you?

Beggar—Forty years, sir.

Professor—Forty years! Don't you know that according to the latest mortality tables the average age of the male population of Europe reaches only thirty-four years and five months? Statistically you have no right to live any longer anyway!—Meggendorfer Blatter.

A BOON TO HUMANITY.

ST. JACOBS OIL

cures the most difficult cases of Rheumatism—after every other form of treatment has failed.

St. Jacobs Oil never fails.

IT CONQUERS PAIN

Price, 25c and 50c.

NEW AIRSHIP FOR WHICH GREAT PROMISES ARE MADE.

A model of a new dirigible airship was recently on exhibition in Chicago. It represents the results of five years' work on the part of William Reiferscheid of Streator, Ill. The model shows a contrivance consisting of two major parts, a cigar-shaped balloon, to which is attached a frame, on which are six propellers. Four propellers are used for ascending and two for steering. The power is supplied by a gasoline engine.

The owner of the machine claims it will do many evolutions unknown to the flying machine of Santos-Dumont. The Streator inventor declares his Eagle, for that is what he calls it, could be driven from Chicago to New York at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and that it could be sailed around a tower with its side touching the structure at all times. He also contends that the Eagle could be turned around all day in the same spot in the air. It is planned to construct a machine at an expense of $10,000.

AWFUL BOER MORTALITY.

British Reconcentrodo Camps in South Africa to Be Abolished.

The horrors of the British reconcentrado camps in South Africa are to be abated. The appalling mortality that has marked these camps from the beginning has at length aroused the Government to action and the system under which thousand of Boer women and children have perished unnecessarily is to be changed.

The reconcentrado policy of England in South Africa will be one of the darkest chapters connected with the Boer war. Even Secretary Broderick, under whom they were instituted and maintained, does not defend them. The death rate in them has been awful. In six months 13,941 persons perished in them. During one month 3,156 deaths of whites are recorded, and of the victims 2,633 were children. The death rate for six months approximates 253

MISS HOBHOUSE.

per 1,000; and if children alone be regarded the death rate will exceed 400 per 1,000.

To an English lady, Miss Hobhouse, the modification of the system under which so many unfortunate Boer women and children perished is due. This lady, who comes of a good English family and whose interests in the Boer reconcentrados is merely a feeling of pure humanity, visited South Africa last spring and sought to ameliorate their condition. She appealed to the Government to act and it did. It expelled her from South Africa. On her return home Miss Hobhouse again appealed to the Government to interpose and end the system under which Boer prisoners, or pensioners, were being judicially murdered. Nothing came of her appeals. She then published the facts she had collected in South Africa and the result has been an awakening of the British conscience. The Government felt constrained to take notice of the opinions and feelings created by the publication of her pamphlet and the order was given for a change in the concentration system.

ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.

Wonderful Achievement of a Baltimore Engraver Excites Surprise.

H. A. Houseal, an engraver employed by George Walter, jeweler, has accomplished a task in the engraver's art whch eclipses the engraving of the Lord's prayer upon a silver dollar, which was supposed for a long time to be the triumph of fine work in engraving. He has managed to engrave the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range from left to right and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters from A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the center is the &c mark. The diameter of the pinhead is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, Mr. Houseal occasionally leaving it to attend to customers in the store. It was done with an ordinary engraver's tool.

"I had heard of some man who had done this," said Mr. Houseal in explaining his design, "but I did not believe it could be done, and determined to try myself. I first rubbed the head of the pin on an oil stone to obtain a flat surface. Then I heated the cement on the disk which we use for holding such small articles. When the cement cooled I screwed the disk tightly to the stand. The most difficult part of the matter to me was in keeping track of the pin. I used a four-inch lens on the job, but I am not accustomed to using a glass of any sort, and frequently I'd lose the pin and go digging around like a man in the dark. But I managed to keep pretty well on its track."

The regularity of the letters as they are seen under the glass testifies to this. Mr. Houseal says he will keep the pin as a curiosity. Mr. Houseal is 25 years of age.—Baltimore American.

To Preserve Old Chapel.

The lovers of the antique and picturesque architecture of former centuries in the City of Mexico are pleased at the announcement that an ancient landmark, the little chapel of La Concepcion, is not to be destroyed. It has been variously claimed for this chapel that it marked the spot where Cuauhtemoc surrendered to Cortes, also that it was the first Catholic temple in which mass was said in the City of Mexico. A recent investigation of these points among the best authorities on ancient history of the capital did not establish them positively, but the little chapel is without doubt one of the earliest places of Christian worship built in the city by the Spaniards and probably in the whole of North America.

The chapel of La Concepcion now stands in the rather neglected little plaza of the same name, which is the public stand for the heavy carts and wagons licensed for hire. It is to be rescued from this unromantic surrounding, however, and a park laid out about it. The chapel will be given a few needed repairs and protected by a suitable railing. It has been proposed that the new garden to be called Jardin Berriozabal, after Mexico's late minister of war.

The Groom Was Forehanded.

Ministers have many interesting and amusing experiences.

A local clergyman was engaged in conversation with a number of friends the other day, when each started telling stories of weddings he had performed. One of the party had this to offer:

Some time ago a great big fellow, roughly dressed, and a wee mite of a young woman came to him. They had no witnesses, and, in fact, did not care to have any. Nevertheless, a bridesmaid and groomsman were selected from the household, and the ceremony began. They had promised to love and obey and all the rest of the service, when the preacher announced: "Kiss the bride."

The groom, on bended knee, hesitated a little, tried to say something and couldn't.

"Kiss the bride," said the pastor.

"Why, parson, I did, afore I came here at all," replied the groom, whose face had taken the color of a June rose.

The witnesses burst forth in laughter, while the minister had all he could do to retain the serious expression which he always wore when wedding people.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Something Sharp Needed.

A young married woman who began housekeeping a short time ago went into a hardware store in a Maine town and asked for a biscuit cutter.

The proprietor, one of her friends, selected a small ax, and with a sober face presented the same to her.

Without smiling the young lady took the ax, put it over her shoulder and marched out of the store and to her home with it.

And now the young hardware merchant is in some doubt as to its being much of a joke on the young lady.—Boston Journal.

All the mean acts of his life are quickly brought before a drowning man or a candidate for office.

Some people head off onion smut by transplanting, and others by the use of lime and sulphur.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50 cents a bottle.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Golden and diamond weddings were celebrated by 614 couples in Prussia last year, and the State distributed medals to each husband and wife.

Garfield Headache Powders: 4 Powders are sold for 10c. One Powder cures a headache.

In all India, Madras is the only city where electricity is used as a power for street railways.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributers, San Francisco.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

Advice to Students.

To Whom It May Concern: The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical Stenographers is, in our judgment, the Gallagher-Marsh, Parrott Building, S. F., Cal. Ernest A. Girvin, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

An abstainer does not bar Gilt Edge Whiskey. He even takes it as a medicine because it is pure. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

Garfield Tea cures constipation.

If a cyclist were to ride round the coast of England and Wales he would cover a distance of about 2,500 miles.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or river.

Garfield Headache Powders are specially adapted to the needs of nervous women. Try them.

The coral roads of Bermuda are the finest in the world for cycling. They are as smooth as a dancing floor, and are never dirty.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wind and Temper.

There is a closer connection between wind and temper than at first sight appears. A coldish wind has a bracing effect and on the whole is beneficial. In countries where hot winds occur periodically, on the other hand, these are regarded as a nuisance, if not a curse. Every one almost gets cross, weary and done up and has a headache daily.

In Egypt the season when crimes are commonest is when the hot khamseen blows. Nearly always during a severe sirocco the Arabs in Algeria were restless, if they did not attempt an actual rising. The solano, which now and then rushes across the Mediterranean in fiery blasts from Africa, upsets every one in Spain and is the worst wind in that country.

And even in the "Pearl of the Antilles" the fierce hot wind is such a pest that it is recorded of a family living in Havana that they made it a rule in the household to preserve absolute silence until the wind disappeared. It was the only plan they could think of to avoid family quarrels.

Perhaps!

How many people when they marry carefully put aside their joint love letters as one of the most cherished possessions of their future life, and in how many cases afterward do they ever take them out and look at them?

Now, why is this? Partly perhaps because the time of romance is over and practical, everyday life has begun; partly, also, we will hope, because now they can say so many nice things to each other, and there is no need to read over the past nice things they have written.—Golden Penny.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

NOT SO HOARY, AFTER ALL.

Few Really Old Men in the United States Senate.

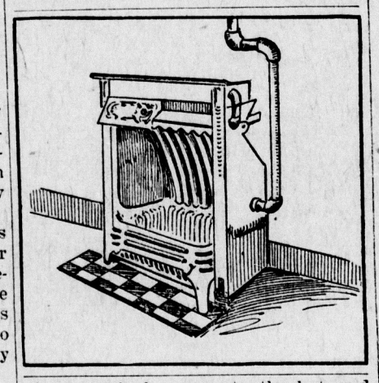
The United States Senate is popularly regarded as a body of elderly men, and yet there are very few really old men in the Senate, the Methuselah of them all being E. W. Pettus, of Alabama, who is 80. He served in the Mexican war and in the Confederate army during the civil strife. His colleague, Mr. Morgan, is 77. Mr. Vest, of Missouri, is 71, and his colleague, Mr. Cockrell, is 67. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bate, of Tennessee, are each 75, and this is about all there are who can be rightfully termed old. The baby of the Senate, Mr. Bailey, of Texas, is 38. Perhaps the most interesting fact shown by this table of seniority is that the Senate, although a continuous body, is a very changeable one as regards its personnel, the terms of the Senators being in the aggregate very brief. It is only a little more than twenty-four years since Gen. Ulyssus S. Grant ceased to be President of the United States, yet there are only three men in the Senate to-day who were there when Grant was President for the second time, and not one was a Senator during his first term in the White House. These three are Allison and Jones, Republicans, and Cockrell, Democrat. Not one of the band of stalwarts who stood by Grant during the momentous years of his administration is left in the Senate to-day. There are only seven Senators now in office who were members of the body when Rutherford B. Hayes, the successor of Grant, was President, although it is only a little more than twenty years since his term expired. These seven Senators are Allison, Jones, Cockrell (who took his seat March 4, 1875), Hoar, Morgan, Platt of Connecticut, and Vest. The two first named have been Senators since March 5, 1877, and the latter two since March 18, 1879.

E. W. PETTUS.

There are only twelve Senators who were in the body when Arthur was President and only eighteen who served during Cleveland's first term. President Cleveland's second term ended less than five years ago, and there are only thirty-five men in the Senate, a little more than one-third of the total membership, who were in office when Cleveland permanently retired to private life. It is only ten years since "Tom" Reed was the Czar of the House of Representatives in the famous Fifty-first Congress, those exciting turbulent times when the Reed rules were forced upon the House of Representatives and hats and coats and disappearing coattails for the first time counted as live men in order to make up the necessary quorum for the transaction of public business, but there are only nineteen members of the Senate who were there in those days.

PLAN FOR ONE GRATE TO HEAT MANY ROOMS.

The ordinary fireplace has the disadvantage of not heating more than one room. John H. Heitland, of Quincy, Ill., has conceived the idea of heating more than one apartment with the open grate, thus changing it from a luxury to a practical heater. The intention is to arrange water pockets around the fireplace in such a manner that a body



of water is kept constantly hot and circles through the pipes to other rooms. A picture of the invention is shown herewith, the firebox standing alone, with the tiling removed, to show the manner of fitting the pipes and conducting the water to the other compartments. At the rear of the grate and projecting over it is a corrugated plate, which forms the face of the main reservoir for heating the water, and directly over it is a second chamber partially inclosing the smoke outlet. As the water becomes hot it circulates through the pipes.

"Spoken Sarkastik."

"Why does the Hon. Yellan Shoute always wind up his addresses by stating that all he is and all that he has and all that he hopes to be he owes to his dear wife, whose ennobling and inspiring influences and so forth, and so on, etcetera?" inquired the gentleman who had occupied a front seat.

"Well," replied the individual who sat in the gallery, "he has to go home to eat, you know."—Baltimore American.

A Freak's Misfortune.

"So the living skeleton is going to get married?"

"Yes, poor fellow; he says he feels obliged to, or lose his job."

"Why, how's that?"

"Well, he says he doesn't have anything to worry him and he's beginning to gain flesh."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A man can't hope for any better luck than to have his rival in business fall seriously in love.

Help for Women

Who Are Always Tired.

"I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself, and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time.

Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis., whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and had all kinds of miserable feelings,

MRS. ELLA RICE.

all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women.

His Idea of Heaven.

The lad was about five years of age and naturally inquisitive. He asked his father questions he had never heard before, and the fond parent was a perplexed man.

The youngster got on the subject of the next world one day and wanted to know a lot of things. "Will you wear a mustache in heaven, papa?" he asked.

"I suppose I will, my son," replied the father.

"You'll make a funny angel."

There was a long pause, and finally the boy asked what kind of a place heaven was. The father in order to satisfy his son went into lengthy details in describing its beauty.

The lad listened with open mouth and finally said, "Why, papa, heaven must look like the ten cent store!"—Pittsburg Press.

Dogs and Humor.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, an authority, gives it as his opinion that dogs as a rule are devoid of conscious humor. "The clown dog in a troupe of performing dogs, for instance, is not really funny when he burlesques the performances of other dogs, but he seems to be funny to the spectators. I am afraid that the people who credit dogs with being intentionally funny are deceiving themselves. A dog likes fun—a good romp and game with children—but his sense of humor has not been developed, and it is not subtle." A dog's best sense at humor, Mr. Aldin thinks, is when he is being tickled. "He opens his mouth, then screws his face into what people are pleased to call a laugh."

An Offset.

A asks B to lend him 50 cents. B has but 25 cents and gives that to A. A accepts it, remarking that he will trust B for the balance. B later asks A to settle with him, whereupon A claims that as B owes him 25 cents one debt offsets the other. What is the answer?—Baltimore American.

ECZEMA'S ITCH IS TORTURE.

Eczema is caused by an acid humor in the blood coming in contact with the skin and producing great redness and inflammation; little pustular eruptions form and discharge a thin, sticky fluid, which dries and scales off; sometimes the skin is hard, dry and fissured. Eczema in any form is a tormenting, stubborn disease, and the itching and burning at times are almost unbearable; the acid burning humor seems to ooze out and set the skin on fire. Salves, washes nor other external applications do any real good, for as long as the poison remains in the blood it will keep the skin irritated.

BAD FORM OF TETTER.

"For three years I had Tetter on my hands, which caused them to swell to twice their natural size. Part of the time the disease was in the form of running sores, very painful, and causing me much discomfort. Four doctors said the Tetter had progressed too far to be cured, and they could do nothing for me. I took only three bottles of S. S. S. and was completely cured. This was fifteen years ago, and I have never since seen any sign of my old trouble."—Mrs. L. B. Jackson, 1414 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

S. S. S. neutralizes this acid poison, cools the blood and restores it to a healthy, natural state, and the rough, unhealthy skin becomes soft, smooth and clear.

SSS cures Tetter, Erysipelas, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and all skin diseases due to a poisoned condition of the blood. Send for our book and write us about your case. Our physicians have made these diseases a life study, and can help you by their advice; we make no charge for this service. All correspondence is conducted in strictest confidence.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER XXVI.

December came in with intense severity. Icicles a yard long hung to the eaves, and the snow lay unmelted for days together on the roofs. More often than not we were without wood for our fire, and when we had it, it was green and unseasoned, and only smoldered away with a smoke that stung and irritated our eyes. Our insufficient and unwholesome food supplied us with no inward warmth. At times the pangs of hunger grew too strong for us both, and forced me to spend a little of the money I was nursing so carefully. As soon as I could make myself understood, I went out occasionally after dark to buy bread and milk.

I found that I had no duties to perform as a teacher, for none of the three French pupils desired to learn English. English girls, who had been decoyed into the same snare by the same false photograph and prospectus which had entrapped me, were all of families too poor to be able to forfeit the money which had been paid in advance for their French education. Two of them, however, completed their term at Christmas and returned home weak and ill; the third was to leave in the spring.

Very fast melted away my money. I could not see the child pining with hunger, though every sou I spent made our return to England more difficult. Madame Perrier put no hindrance in my way, for the more food we purchased for ourselves, the less we ate at her table. The bitter cold and the coarse food told upon Minima's delicate little frame. Yet what could I do? I dared not write to Mrs. Wilkinson, and I very much doubted if there would be any benefit to be hoped for if I ran the risk. Minima did not know the address of any one of the persons who had subscribed for her education and board. She was as friendless as I was in the world.

So far away were Dr. Martin Dobree and Tardif that I dared not count them as friends who could have any power to help me. Better for Dr. Martin Dobree if he could altogether forget me, and return to his cousin Julia. Perhaps he had done so already.

Towards the middle of February Madame Perrier's coarse face was always overcast, and monsieur seemed gloomy, too gloomy to retain even French politeness of manner towards any of us. The household was under a cloud, but I could not discover why. What little discipline and work there had been in the school was quite at an end. Every one was left to do as she chose.

Early one morning, long before the daybreak, I was startled out of my sleep by a hurried knock at my door. It proved to be Mademoiselle Morel. I opened the door for her, and she appeared in her bonnet and walking dress, carrying a lamp in her hand, which lit up her weary tear-stained face. She took a seat at the foot of my bed and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "here is a grand misfortune, a misfortune without parallel. Monsieur and madame are gone."

"Gone!" I repeated; "where are they gone?"

"I do not know, mademoiselle," she answered; "I know nothing at all. They are gone away. The poor good people were in debt, and their creditors are as hard as stone. They are gone, and I have no means to carry on the establishment. The school is finished."

"But I am to stay here twelve months," I cried, in dismay, "and Minima was to stay four years. The money has been paid to them for it. What is to become of us?"

"I cannot say, mademoiselle; I am desolated myself," she replied, with a fresh burst of tears; "all is finished here. If you have not money enough to take you back to England, you must write to your friends. I am going to return to Bordeaux. I detest Normandy; it is so cold and triste."

"But what is to be done with the other pupils?" I inquired.

"The English pupil goes with me to Paris," she answered; "she has her friends there. The French demoiselles are not far from their own homes, and they return to-day by the omnibus to Granville. It is a misfortune without parallel, mademoiselle—a misfortune without a parallel."

To crown all, she was going to start immediately by the omnibus to Falaise, and on by rail to Paris, not waiting for the storm to burst. She kissed me on both cheeks, bade me adieu, and was gone, leaving me in utter darkness, before I fairly comprehended the rapid French in which she conveyed her intention. I had seen my last of Monsieur and Madame Perrier, and of Mademoiselle Morel.

All I had to do was to see to myself and Minima. I carried our breakfast back with me, when I returned to Minima.

"I wish I'd been born a boy," she said plaintively; "they can get their own living sooner than girls, and better. How soon do you think I could get my own living? I could be a little nursemaid now, you know; and I'd eat very little."

"What makes you talk about getting your living?" I asked.

"How pale you look!" she answered, nodding her little head; "why, I heard something of what mademoiselle said. You're very poor, aren't you, Aunt Nelly?"

"Very poor!" I repeated, hiding my face on her pillow, whilst hot tears forced themselves through my eyelids.

"Oh! this will never do," said the childish voice; "we mustn't cry, you know. The boys always said it was like a baby to cry; and father used to say, 'Courage, Minima!' Perhaps, when all our money is gone, we shall find a great big purse full of gold; or else a beautiful French prince will see you and fall in love with you, and take us both to his palace, and make you his princess; and we shall all grow up till we die."

I laughed at the oddity of this childish climax, in spite of the heaviness of my heart and the springing of my tears. Minima's fresh young fancies were too droll to resist, especially in combination with her shrewd, old-womanish knowledge of many things of which I was ignorant.

It was now that across the darkness of my prospects flashed a thought that seemed like an angel of light. Why should I not try to make my way to Mrs. Dobree, Martin's mother, to whom I could tell my whole history, and on whose friendship and protection I could rely implicitly? By this time Kate Daltrey would have quitted the Channel Islands, satisfied that I had eluded her pursuit.

The route was neither long nor difficult; at Granville a vessel sailed direct for Jersey, and we were not more than thirty miles from Granville. It was a distance that we could almost walk. If Mrs. Dobree could not help me, Tardif would take Minima into his house for a time, and the child could not have a happier home. I could count upon my good Tardif doing that. These plans were taking shape in my brain, when I heard a voice calling softly under the window. I opened the casement, and leaning out, saw the welcome face of Rosalie, the milk woman.

"Will you permit me to come in?" she inquired.

"Yes, yes, come in," I said eagerly.

She entered, and saluted us both with much ceremony.

"So my little Emile and his spouse are gone, mademoiselle," she said, in a mysterious whisper. "I have been saying to myself, 'What will my little English lady do?' That is why I am here. Behold me."

"I do not know what to do," I answered.

"If mademoiselle is not difficult," she said, "she and the little one could rest with me for a day or two. My bed is clean and soft—bah! ten times softer than these paillasses. I would ask only a franc a night for it. That is much less than at the hotels, where they charge for light and attendance. Mademoiselle could write to her friends, if she has not enough money to carry her and the little one back to their own country."

"I have no friends," I said despondingly.

"No friends! no relations!" she exclaimed.

"Not one," I replied.

I was only too glad to get a shelter for Minima and myself for another night. Mademoiselle Rosalie explained to me the French system of borrowing money upon articles. But upon packing up our few possessions, I remembered that only a few days before Madame Perrier had borrowed from me my sealskin mantle, the one valuable thing I had remaining. I had lent it reluctantly, and in spite of myself; and it had never been returned. Minima's wardrobe was still poorer than my own. All the money we could raise was less than two napoleons; and with this we had to make our way to Granville, and from thence to Guernsey. We could not travel luxuriously.

The next morning we left Noireau on foot, and strolled on as if we were walking on air, and could feel no fatigue. Every step which carried us nearer to Granville brought new hope to me. The face of Martin's mother came often to my mind, looking at me, as she had done in Sark, with a mournful yet tender smile—a smile behind which lay many tears. "Courage!" I said to myself; "every hour brings you nearer to her."

I had full directions as to our route, and I carried a letter from Rosalie to a cousin of hers, who lived in a convent about twelve miles from Noireau. If we reached the convent before six o'clock we should find the doors open, and should gain admission. But in the afternoon the sky changed. The wind changed a point or two from the south, and a breath from the east blew, with a chilly touch, over the wide open plain we were now crossing. The road was very desolate. It brought us after a while to the edge of a common, stretching before us, drear and brown, as far as my eye could reach.

"Are you very tired, my Minima?" I asked.

"It will be so nice to go to bed, when we reach the convent," she said, looking up with a smile. "I can't imagine why the prince has not come yet."

"Perhaps he is coming all the time," I answered, "and he'll find us when we want him worst."

We plodded on after that, looking for the convent, or for any dwelling where we could stay till morning. But none came in sight, or any person from whom we could learn where we were wandering. I was growing frightened, dismayed. What would become of us both, if we could find no shelter from the cold of a February night?

CHAPTER XXVII.

There were unshed tears in my eyes—for I would not let Minima know my fears—when I saw dimly, through the mist, a high cross standing in the midst of a small grove of yews and cypresses, planted formally about it. The rain was beating against it, and the wind sobbing in the trees surrounding it. It seemed so sad, so forsaken, that it drew us to it. Without speaking the child and I crept to the shelter at its foot, and sat down to rest there, as if we were companions to it in its loneliness.

It was too dark now to see far along the road, but as we waited and watched there came into sight a rude sort of covered carriage, like a market cart, drawn by a horse with a blue sheep-skin hanging round his neck. The pace at which he was going was not above a jog-trot, and he came almost to a standstill opposite the cross, as if it was customary to pause there. This was the instant to appeal for aid. I darted forward and stretched out my hands to the driver.

"Help us," I cried; "we have lost our way, and the night is come." I could see now that the driver was a burly, red-faced, clean-shaven Norman peasant. He crossed himself hurriedly, and glanced at the grove of dark, solemn trees from which we had come. But by his side sat a priest, in his cassock and broad-brimmed hat fastened up at the sides, who alighted almost before I had finished speaking, and stood before us bare headed, and bowing profoundly.

"Madame," he said, in a bland tone, "to what town are you going?"

"We are going to Granville," I answered; "but I am afraid I have lost the way. We are very tired, this little child and I. We can walk no more, monsieur. Take care of us, I pray you."

I spoke brokenly, for in an extremity like this it was difficult to put my request into French. The priest appeared perplexed, but he went back and held a short, earnest conversation with the driver, in a subdued voice.

"Madame," he said, returning to me, "I am Francis Laurentie, the cure of Ville-en-bois. It is quite a small village about a league from here, and we are on the road to it; but the route to Granville is two leagues behind us, and it is still farther to the nearest village. There is not time to return with you this evening. Will you, then, go with us to Ville-en-bois?—and to-morrow we will send you on to Granville."

He spoke very slowly and distinctly, with a clear, cordial voice, which filled me with confidence. I could hardly distinguish his features, but his hair was silvery white, and shone in the gloom, as he still stood bare-headed before me, though the rain was falling fast.

"Take care of us, monsieur," I replied, putting my hand in his; "we will go with you."

"Make haste, then, my children," he said cheerfully; "the rain will hurt you. Let me lift the mignonne! Bah! How little she is. Now, madame, permit me."

There was a seat in the back, which we reached by climbing over the front bench, assisted by the driver. There we were well sheltered from the driving wind and rain, with our feet resting upon a sack of potatoes, and the two strange figures of the Norman peasant in his blouse and white cotton cap, and the cure in his hat and cassock, filling up the front of the car before us.

"They are not Frenchwomen, Monsieur le Cure," observed the driver, after a short pause.

"No, no, my good Jean," was the cure's answer; "by their tongue I should say they are English. Englishwomen are extremely intrepid, and voyage about all the world quite alone, like this. It is only a marvel to me that we have never encountered one of them before to-day."

"Monsieur," I interrupted, feeling almost guilty in having listened so far, "I understand French very well, though I speak it badly."

"Pardon, madame!" he replied, "I hope you will not be grieved by the foolish words we have been speaking one to the other."

After that all was still again for some time, except the tinkling of the bells, and the pad-pad of the horse's feet upon the steep and rugged road. By and by a village clock striking echoed faintly down the valley; and the cure turned round and addressed me again.

"There is my village, madame," he said, stretching forth his hand to point it out; "it is very small, and my parish contains but four hundred and twenty-two souls, some of them very little ones. They all know me, and regard me as a father. They love me, though I have some rebel sons."

We entered a narrow and roughly paved village street. The houses, as I saw afterwards, were all huddled together, with a small church at the point farthest from the entrance; and the road ended at its porch, as if there were no other place in the world beyond it.

We drove at last into a square court yard, paved with pebbles. Almost before the horse could stop I saw a stream of light shining from an open door across a causeway, and the voice of a woman, whom I could not see, spoke eagerly as soon as the horse's hoofs had ceased to scrape upon the pebbles.

(To be continued.)

A Warning to Preachers.

"I thought it would be easy enough to convert the lay people of the town, but realized, of course, that the ministers would be a harder task. I remember one of the first sermons I preached with that idea before me. It was a hot summer day, and a gentleman very much under the influence of liquor slid into the rear part of the church and went to sleep. It was somewhat disquieting at first, but I soon warmed up to the subject and forgot him. What happened has always been a warning to me against very loud preaching—I waked him up. My vehemence so disturbed him that he arose, walked unsteadily up the aisle, and stopped in front of the pulpit. I was dreadfully embarrassed, I remember, but I retained sufficient presence of mind to take what I thought was an efficient and brilliant means of bridging over the gap, for, of course, I had stopped preaching when he stood still and looked at me. Leaning over the pulpit I remarked suavely: "'I perceive that my good brother is ill. Will some——'

"Before any one could move, however, he lifted his head, and, fixing his blinking eyes upon me, remarked in perfectly distinct tones heard throughout the church:

"'I sh'd think such preachin' 'ud make everybody ill!'"—Cyrus Townsend Brady, in New Lippincott.

Chance for a Castle.

The following advertisement appears in a London paper:

"A rock built crenelated castle, buffeted by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreaded points of our ironbound coast, in full view of the death stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 gs. a week—Address," etc.

Persons in need of a castle and who are fond of shipwrecks and corpses should not overlook this opportunity.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The Chief Cost.

Askit—And so you have given up your summer trip to Wetspot-by-the-sea?

Tellit—Yes. I had to. I had money enough for expenses, but not enough for tips.—Baltimore American.

Tuberculosis in Paris.

Of the 46,988 deaths which occurred in Paris in 1899, as many as 12,314 are attributed to tuberculosis, or more than one-fourth.

BEN FRANKLIN'S PURCHASE

An Old Electrical Machine Dating Back to the Revolution.

Nearly every schoolboy of a generation ago was familiar with the frictional electricity machine, never of very much practical value, but of great interest to youthful minds on account of the spark that could be made to pass from condenser to youthful finger. Nowadays the size of the spark has increased as the size of the machine has diminished, but an example of the earlier type is still preserved at the Jefferson physical laboratory at Harvard, where an interesting collection of antiquated pieces of apparatus gives the visitor to Cambridge an opportunity to compare the earliest with the latest methods of studying physics and astronomy.

This special piece, moreover, is particularly interesting in that it was originally purchased for the college by Benjamin Franklin when acting as American commissioner to France during the Revolutionary war. It is a cumbersome affair that would require a horse and a small wagon or a whole automobile to move, but the principle on which it is based is the same as in its modern successors. Aside from size the most noticeable difference is in the use of a glass globe about a foot in diameter to produce the electricity by friction instead of the big circular glass plate seen in later machines.

Despite its size and the big globe, however—which is supported on posts resembling those of a colonial four poster bed—the old machine never exceeded a spark two inches long and was even proud of that modest performance. How modest it really was may be seen by comparison with a modern machine in the next case, so much smaller than Franklin's that it can be held in one hand, that produces a spark of electricity of nearly seven inches.

Rabbits at Play.

Rabbits play in this way: Two of them—I have not seen it played with more—run quickly toward each other, and when on the point of contact each leaps into the air, but one higher than the other, clearing him completely. They come down with their tails toward each other, but instantly, with an, as it were, "Excuse my tail!" both turn and run and leap again, and this they will do from two or three to half a dozen times, always leaping up at the exact moment when they would otherwise come into collision and one always taking the higher leap—sometimes an astonishingly high one—right over his companion. They never meet in the air, nor can I see how this can be avoided except by a plan or figure being mutually followed by them, as with ourselves in a game or dance. I believe that each clears the other alternately, but I have not yet convinced myself of this.—Saturday Review.

A Game For Two.

Once upon a time a young gentleman and a younger lady were alone in a bright parlor in front of a cheerful open fire, with a table between them, playing cards. As they continued to play and chat the table was not so much between them, for they both got nearer the fire and played the game on one corner of the table.

They had started in to play euchre, but after an hour and a half they found that they were playing hearts.

Moral—We are not always sure what the game is.

Hiram—That boy of yours what went to college could do some powerful lifting with the clubs and dumbbells.

Silas—Yes, but I always thought more of the other one's lifting powers.

Hiram—Did he lift dumbbells and the like?

Silas—No; he lifted the mortgage.

With every exertion the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good, but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.—Washington Irving.

Difficult Digestion

That is dyspepsia.

It makes life miserable.

Its sufferers eat not because they *want to*, —but simply because they *must*.

They know they are irritable and fretful; but they cannot be otherwise.

They complain of a bad taste in the mouth, a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, an uneasy feeling of puffy fulness, headache, heartburn and what not.

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Garfield Tea, the herb medicine, cures constipation, sick headache and liver disorders.

Serpents are so tenacious of life that they will live six months or longer without food.

WHAT CAUSES DANDRUFF.

Greatest European Authority on Skin Diseases Says It's a Germ.

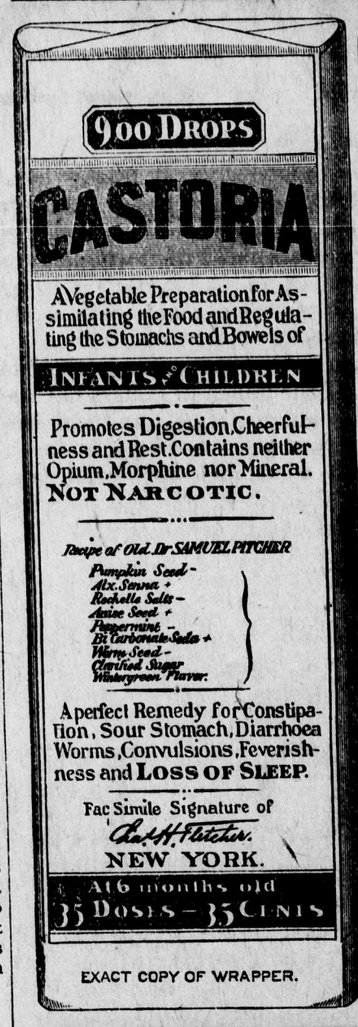
The old idea was that dandruff is scales of skin thrown off, through a feverish condition of the scalp. Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says dandruff is a germ disease. The germ burrows under the scalp, throwing up little scales of cuticle, and sapping the vitality of the hair at the root. The only hair preparation that kills dandruff germs is Newbro's Herpicide. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Not only cures dandruff, but stops falling hair and causes a luxuriant growth. Delightful hair dressing.

The Imperial Library in Paris has twenty-six books printed on white silk.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

When a new Ambassador arrives in London he visits the King before he sees anyone else.

Send to Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., for samples of Garfield Tea and Headache Powders —two invaluable remedies.



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